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[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

SHEMUS O'BRIEN: A TALE OF '98.

As related by an Irish Peasant.

LEFANU.

Jist after the war, in the year 'Ninety-Eight,
As soon as the Boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got,
To hang him by trial—barrin' such as was shot.

There was trial by jury goin' on by day-light,
And the martial law hangin' the lavings by night.
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon;
If he missed in the judges he 'd meet a dragoon;

An', whether the sojers or judges gave sentence,
The devil a much time they allowed for repentance;
An' the many a fine Boy was then on his keepin',
With small share of restin' or sittin' or sleepin'.

An' because they loved Erinn, and scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the [bullit—
Unsheltered by night and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.

An' the bravest an' honestest Boy of thim all
Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town of Glingall;
His limbs wor well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half as white.

But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
An' his cheek never warm'd with the blush of the red;
And for all that he was n't an ugly young Boy,
For the devil himself could n't blaze with his eye.

So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night;
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the elegantest hurler that ever was seen.

In fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,
An' in jumpin' he bate Tom Molony a foot;
For lightness of foot there was not his peer,
For, by Heavens! he almost outrun the red deer;

An' his dancin' was such that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he did it so quare;
An' sure the whole world gave in to him there:

An' it 's he was the Boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it 's often he ran, an' it 's often he fought,
An' it 's many the one can remember quite well
The quare things he did, an' it 's oft I heerd tell

How he frightened the magistrates in Cahirbally,
An' escaped through the sojers in Aherloe [valley,
And leather'd the yeomen, himself agen four,
An' stretched the four strongest on old Galtimore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
And treachery prey on the blood of the best;

An' many an action of power an' pride,
An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers an' toils overpast,
In darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now Shemus look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon;
An' take your last look at her dim, misty light,
That falls on the mountain and valley to-night.

One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still.

Farewell to the patthern, the hurlin', an' wake,
An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake!
An' twelve sojers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' with irons secured him, refusin' all bail.

The fleet limbs wor chained an' the sthrong hands wor bound,
An' he lay down his lenth on the cold prison [ground.
An' the dhrames of his childhood kem over him there,
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;

An' happy rimimbrance crowdin' an ever,
As fast as the foam flakes drift down an the river,
Bringin' fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy an' thick in his [eye.

But the tears didn't fall, for the pride iv his heart
Would n't suffer one dhrop down his pale cheek to start,
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An' he swore with a fierceness that misery gave,

By the hopes iv the good an' the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering in the cowld [grave,
His inimies never should have it to boast
His scorn iv their vengeance one moment was [lost.
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,
For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he 'd [die.

PART SECOND.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over an' gone,
The terrible day of the trial came on;
There was such a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sojers on guard an' dragoons sword in hand.

An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point of being [smother'd;
An' counsellors almost gave over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in the box overhead.

An' the judge settled out so determined an' big,
An' the gown on his back, an' an elegant wig,
And silence was call'd, an' the minute 'twas said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead.

An' they heard but the opening of one prison-lock,
An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock—
For one minute he turned his eyes round on the throng,
An' then looked on the bars, so firm and so [strong.

An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm an' as cold as a statue of stone.

An' they read a big writin', a yard long at least,
An' Shemus did n't see it, nor mind it a taste,
An' the judge took a big pinch of snuff, an' he says:
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you please?"

An' all held their breath in silence of dread,
An' Shemus O'Brien made answer an' said:—
"My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time
I thought any treason or did any crime,

That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God an' the world I would answer you [No!

But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland, from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes—

I answer you YES; an' I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willin' my veins should run [dry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made [light;
By my soul it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
In a twinkling he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shemus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry,
"Oh! judge, darlin' don't,—oh! don't say the word!
The crathur is young—have mercy, my lord!

"You don't know him, my lord: oh! don't give him to ruin!
He was foolish—he didn't know what he was [doin',
He's the kindliest crathur, the tinderest hearted;—
Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted!

"Judge mavourneen, forgive him—forgive him, my lord!
An' God will forgive you—oh! don't say the [word!"—
That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken!

An' down his pale cheek, at the word of his mother,
The big tears were running, one after the other,
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the strong manly voice used to falter an' break.

But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquer'd an' master'd his grief's swelling [tide;
An' says he, "Mother, don't—don't break your poor heart,
Sure, sooner or later, the dearest must part.

"An' God knows it's better than wand'ring in fear
On the bleak trackless mountain among the [wild deer,
To be in the grave, where the heart head, an' breast
From labor an' sorrow for ever shall rest.

"Then mother, my darlin', don't cry any more—
Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour;
For I wish, when my heart 's lyin' under the raven,
No true man can say that I died like a craven."

Then towards the judge Shemus bowed down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was [said.

PART THIRD.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky,
But why are the men standing idle so late?
An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street?

What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the [cross tree?
Oh! Shamus O'Brien, pray fervent an' fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last.

Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,
When strong, proud, and great as you are, you [must die!—
At last they drew open the big prison gate,
An' out came the Sheriffs an' sojers in state.

An' a cart in the middle, an' Shemus was in it—
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minit,
An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' an' blessin', an' all the girls cryin',

A wild wailin' sound kem on all by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees!
On, on to the gallows the Sheriffs are gone,
An' the car an' the sojers go steadily on.

An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound that would open your heart.—
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with a rope in his hand.

An' the priest havin' blest him, gets on the ground,
An' Shemus O'Brien throws one look around.
Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,
Young faces turn sickly, and warm hearts turn [chill.

An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe of the life-strangling cords to [prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.

But the good priest did more—for his hands he unbound,
An' with one daring spring Jim has leaped on [the ground!
Bang! bang! go the carbines, an' clash go the sabres:
He's not down! he's alive! now attend to him, [neighbors!

By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might [awaken;
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin' 't is yourselves you [must hang.

To-night he 'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin,
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him agin;
The sojers run this way, the Sheriff's run that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat.

An' the Sheriffs were, both of them, punished sevarely,
An' fined like the devil, because Jim done them [fairly.

A week after this time, without firin' a cannon,
A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon,
An' the captain left word he was goin' to Cork,
But the devil a bit—he was bound for New York.

The very next spring—a bright mornin' in May,
An' just six months after the great hangin' day—
A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,
An' on the outside was written out fair:—
"To ould Mrs. O'Brien, in Ireland, or elsewhere."

An' the inside began—"My dear good ould Mother,
I'm safe an' I'm happy—an' not wishin' to [bother
You in the radin'—with the help of the priest—
I send you enclosed in this letter, at least,
Enough to pay him an' to fetch you away
To the land of the free and the brave—Amerikay!
Here you'll be happy, an' never made cryin'
As long as you're mother of Shemus O'Brien.

Give my love to sweet Biddy, an' tell her beware
Of that spalpeen who calls himself 'Lord of [Kildare;'
An' just say to the judge, I don't now care a rap
For him, or his wig, or his dirty black cap.

An' as for the dragoons—them paid men of slaughter—
Say I love them as well as the devil loves holy [water.
An' now, my good mother, one word of advice—
Fill your bag with potatoes, an' bacon, an' rice.

An' tell my sweet Biddy, the best way of all
Is now, an' forever to leave ould Glengall,
An' come with you, takin' a snug cabin berth,
An' bring us a sod of the ould Shamrock earth.

An' when you start from ould Ireland take passage at Cork,
An' come straight across to the town of New [York;
An' there ask the Mayor the best way to go
To the town of Cincinnati—the State Ohio;
An' there you will find me, without much tryin',
At the 'Harp an' the Eagle,' kept by Shemus [O'Brien."

RICHES AND HONORS.—A distinguished man lay on his death-bed, when a great mark of distinction and honor was brought to him. Turning a cold glance on the treasure he would once have clutched with an eager grasp, he said with a sigh, "Alas! this is a very fine thing in this country; but I am going to a country where it will be of no use to me." Who can reflect without sadness on the closing moments of the gallant Gen. Neil? His life long dream had been to obtain the little baton and ribbon of marshal of France. He could not sleep after seeing it conferred on McMahon as a reward of valor in the battle of Magenta. Before the next engagement, he told his friends that this time he would win the prize he so much coveted. The conflict was over, and they sought him anxiously upon the gory field. They found him almost crushed beneath his war horse, and the practiced eye of the surgeon told him that life would soon be over. Word was sent to the emperor, who quickly arrived; and taking from his breast the badge of the marshal of France, he placed it above the heart of his faithful follower. The life-long dream was realized, and with a single throb of exultant joy and gratitude he threw his arms about the neck of his sovereign: the next instant he fell back in the embrace of King Death.

Oh, how can we struggle, and toil, and distract our hearts from the one great purpose of life, simply to gather about us possessions which, though they may be very fine things in this country, will be of no use to us in the country we are so shortly going to?

* * *

A GUEST at a hotel in Belfast, Maine, on being told that dinner was ready, stripped off his coat, and accompanied by his wife, entered the dining-room in his shirt sleeves. A waiter brought him a bill of fare, which he regarded curiously, and then laid it down. Pretty soon another bill of fare was laid in his plate. Then he arose in his wrath, and exclaimed, "I didn't come here to read show bills. I come after some dinner."

* * *

—At a marriage lately in Maine, the bride's voice faltered, and she paused in the midst of the impressive ceremony. Her little niece, a bright little three-year old, thinking the naughty minister was compelling poor aunty to say something disagreeable, stamped her little foot and exclaimed in a tone of authority, "Auntie, don't oo thay it."

THE CAPTAIN of the FIRE BRIGADE.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago a young priest, fresh from the seminary, was appointed to his first pastoral charge in a small village of the diocese of Lyons. We shall not give his name just yet. In fact, if his parishioners had then been asked it, they would have felt quite at a loss what to say. They knew him as Monsieur le Cure; they knew no other name, cared for no other name than this.

Well, then, in this village lived Monsieur le Cure, who was the kindest and best of men. Revered by his whole flock, he sympathized with them in their trials, assisted them by his counsels, and shared with them his small income. His sole motives of action were an ardent love of God, and, for His sake, a tender charity to man. We are not to imagine, however, that this good priest, kind as he was, lacked firmness when it was required. On the contrary, he had frequently shown that gentleness of disposition and manner is by no means incompatible with inflexible strength of purpose and will. More than once he had to defend the interests of his parish against the encroachments of the village authorities, and, contending most energetically for his rights, he succeeded in upholding them. At the same time he was so conciliatory to his opponents that no breach of charity occurred. Thus the young pastor won golden opinions from all his little world. Even those who, perhaps, would be slow to appreciate his goodness, applauded his prudence; so that scarcely any one of his congregation would begin an undertaking, great or small, without first seeking the opinion of Monsieur le Cure. He was the general lawyer, notary, architect, doctor, and even public letter writer. In this last capacity he managed almost the whole correspondence of his small kingdom, which is not strange, considering that the most learned of his subjects could scarcely spell the Gospel of the day, even when printed in the largest type.

One morning, toward the end of February, the village was aroused at daybreak by the continued peal of the one ancien bell which the church still possessed. The winter had been an unusually severe one. The hills were covered with snow, and even the plains retained their white covering, and hindered the farmer's labors. So the poor peasants whenever they met their priest in his daily walks, they urged the one request:

"Pray for us, Monsieur le Cure, and for our fields If the thaw comes not soon, the sowing time will be past: then how shall we get bread for our little ones?'

And Monsieur le Cure would give his invariable answer:

"Have confidence, my children; fear nothing. Whatever Almighty God does, He does well."

Such was his logic, such his eloquence. "*Whatever Almighty God does He does well*" The greatest philosophy could find no better method of consolation. The greatest orator could not add to its persuasiveness.

Now, at daybreak, on this February morning, as has been said, the clamorous ringing of the bell roused every one from his slumbers. All rushed into the streets, expecting to find one or more dwellings in flames. But, alas! terrible as are the ravages of fire, a worse foe threatened the destruction of the village. Fire may be extinguished, or at least its course be stopped; but water rushing along in tumultuous streams, levelling in its way banks and barriers—water, sweeping over plains and through valleys, surmounting hills, breaking through walls, carrying in its foaming course trees, houses, cattle—everything—an inundation! Who but God can say to its fearful might: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"

The wished-for thaw had suddenly set in, and the stream which passed by the village—in summer a shallow brook, now a headlong torrent swollen by the melting snow—was spreading ruin and desolation in its track. Already half the village was overflowed by its turbid waves; and cows, sheep, horses—all uttering their different cries of fright and pain, and all mingling with the fragments of their sheds and stables—were borne swiftly past the panic-stricken spectators. It was in truth a scene to strike terror into the boldest heart. There was, however, one heart that quailed not.

The good cure, who had been engaged during the night by the bedside of a sick parishioner, was the first abroad. Thanks to his energy, his calmness, the panic soon abated; measures were adopted to save what property was still unharmed, and in an astonishingly short time the men formed into bands, and worked bravely under his direction. The cure was everywhere: here animating the toiling men, there consoling the weeping women, and always with the same maxim:

"Have confidence, my good friends; Providence has not forsaken us. Whatever Almighty God does, He does well."

Yes, this saintly soul could bless God and trust Him alike in His judgments as in His mercies.

On a sudden a loud cry arose from the crowd. The torrent, leaving its direct course, had thrown itself upon a cottage which stood apart from the rest of the village. In the twinkling of an eye the waters had mounted to the roof, upon the upper ridge of which a woman with two children, one an infant on her breast, had taken refuge. Higher, still higher, rose the waters; already the mud built walls of the hut were yielding to the furious dashing of the waves. All hope seemed lost. In vain had Jacques, the blacksmith, a man of great strength and courage, endeavored to ford the rushing waters; three times had he striven to reach the hapless family, but always without success. Two others had made the attempt and failed. A few more minutes and the mother with her little ones must be swallowed up in the raving waters.

Just at this crisis the galloping of a horse was heard, All turned eagerly to see. It was the good cure, bareheaded, and with his cassock tucked up, calmly urging on the stout pony that bore him each Sunday to say Mass at an outlaying chapel. Encouraged by the voice and hand of his master, the brave animal took to the water, and, despite the force of its current, managed to reach the tottering hut. But how to save all these unfortunates? It was with the greatest difficulty the pony had withstood the torrent with only one person on his back; could he sustain the additional burden?

The cure's resolution was speedily formed. He held out his hands for the children; the poor woman, in her maternal tenderness, was only too glad that they should have the first chance of safety, and clasping them in his arms he set out on the dangerous return. He succeeded. Leaving the children on the bank, he again essayed the perilous passage, unheeding the cries of the people, who implored him not to risk again a life so dear to them all. Nothing could daunt his heroic courage. "Pray for me," was all he answered, and plunged into the torrent. In spite of the animal's resistance, and the increasing force of the waves, he once more reached the cottage, just as the walls gave way. The roof disappeared, and the poor woman was precipitated into the stream. Another moment and she would have been beyond the reach of help; but the priest, who never lost his presence of mind, seized her by the hair as it floated on the surface, and again, encouraging his pony once more, crossed the torrent and landed her in safety. Exhausted by his superhuman exertions, he sank upon the ground, murmuring: "Whatever Almighty God does, He does well!"

It is needless to attempt a description of the scene that followed; to dwell on the emotions of the people as all anxiously helped to restore him to consciousness. It would be hard to say whether love or admiration was the predominant feeling.

From that night of terror Monsieur le Cure was a hero, a saint; and those simple people's judgment perhaps was not far astray. However, they were not content with giving him gratitude and admiration. They cast about for some way of showing in a tangible form what they thought of him. And soon an opportunity presented itself—a droll opportunity, surely, but they were too much in earnest to be particular. Within a few weeks the township was called on to select officers of the fire brigade. The people met as usual, and on examining the ballots it was found that Monsieur le Cure had been unanimously chosen captain.

In vain did the object of their strange compliment protest against such an unheard of proceeding; in vain did he explain that the equipments of a fireman—helmet, axe and trumpet—were out of keeping with the cassock; the voters sturdily declared that the prefect must settle that part of the affair—as for themselves what was done, was done. It was a new thing for Monsieur le Cure to have another do the work while he bore the credit; but there was no remedy. Notice of the election extraordinary was sent to the Minister of the Interior; the singular occurrence was told to the Minister, and the Minister thought it worth telling to the King. The whole court was in great amusement over the tale.

Some years after this, misunderstandings arose between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in the diocese of Nancy. Things came to such a pass that it was decided the bishop should cease to be resident, but even this did not allay the excitement. An actual civil war broke out between the opposing parties, and even ecclesiastics were on opposite sides. Confusion reigned, and the Minister of Public Worship thought it necessary to bring the subject to the King's notice, as it called for the most delicate and prudent management.

"The diocese of Nancy gives more trouble than all the rest of France," said the Minister in conclusion. "In fact, sire, the whole city is in a conflagration."

"If that be so," said the King, jestingly, "what can we do but employ our clerical captain of the fire brigade to put it out?"

The suggestion struck the Minister. "Sire," he replied, after a moment's reflection, "your Majesty's propositions are always to the point. I have heard much of the priest you are pleased to remember—he is the very one for the emergency, as conciliating as he is firm."

In fine, a month afterwards M. le Cure, our hero of the inundation, was nominated coadjutor to the Bishop of Nancy, and the selection was approved by the Pope. Very soon all discord ceased; tranquility was restored, and on the death of the Bishop, which occurred not long after, the coadjutor succeeding to his titles and cares, showed that his virtues and talents were no less fitted to rule over an extensive diocese than an obscure country village. But the end was not yet; further distinctions awaited the good "Monsieur le Cure." In course of time the Archbishopric of Bordeaux fell vacant, and he was immediately chosen for that See.

And now, in conclusion, we have only to give his name—it is Donnet, a name well known beyond the limits of his episcopal charge. Yes, the hero of this true sketch, the village cure who was so ready to give his life for his sheep, became in succession Bishop of Nancy, Archbishop of Bordeaux, Senator of France, and Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church. —*Ave Maria.*

* * *

A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.—Speaking of temperance reformers, some one tells a good story at the expense of one of the most ardent of them, a person whose whole heart was in the work to such an extent that he hadn't time to mend his fences or take care of his farm. A distinguished temperance lecturer was to address the citizens in the town where the reformer lived, and the latter took it upon himself to meet him at the station, and take him home with him to entertain him. The lecturer was talkative and full of "the cause." "There, now," said he, as they drove by a handsome farm-house, "anybody can see at once that a temperance man lives there. Everything indicates it; there's thrift and industry and contentment and no doubt a happy home there. Isn't it so?'

"Yes," was the reply. "Squire —— is a temperance man and has a very pleasant home and family."

"I was certain of it," said the lecturer. "But here is a place," he continued as they came to an old house with dilapidated fence and a neglected appearance, "that you'd pick out anywhere as the house of a drunkard. See the old hats in the windows, and the broken-down fences, and the neglected appearance everything has—you can't make any mistake about such a place—it sticks out all over that it's the home of a sot" He was about to appeal to his entertainer for the truth of his surmises, when that gentleman pulled rein, and turning the team up to the neglected fence, remarked, with something like a sigh, "I live here." And what could the lecturer say? He might have said "Well, all signs fail in a dry time," but he didn't.

* * *

ANECDOTES OF RATS—The following curious anecdote furnishes another instance of the occasional confidence of animals in others which they are supposed to regard generally as their natural enemies: "Some years since I lived in the village of Ickelton, in Cambridgeshire. After my shooting excursions the dogs were fed in their kennels, the food being placed in a long trough. To this duty I generally attended myself. Upon one occasion, after feeding the dogs, I looked into the kennel through a hole in the door, and was somewhat astonished, not at perceiving a number of rats there, but to see them in the trough, quietly and fearlessly partaking of bread and milk with the dogs, who seemed to pay no attention to such small deer. I doomed the rats to destruction; and the next day placed the trough in such a position, that a gun pointed thro' the hole, would rake it from one end to the other. At the usual hour the food was placed as a lure—but the dogs were kept out—in vain. I could see the head of a sagacious old rat peering out at more than one hole, and from under the manger, for the purpose of reconnoitering; but none descended. Having waited half an hour to no purpose, I left in the dogs, and in a few minutes they were again feeding cheek by jowl. Had I not ascertained this, I might have supposed that altering the position of the trough, or some other trifling disarrangement of the economy of the kennel, had aroused the suspicions of the little creatures. They seemed, however, to be aware that their safety was connected with the presence of the dogs."

* * *

A MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES—Last Saturday evening a marriage was to have taken place between an employee of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company and "a maiden faire" employed at one of our hotels. The landlord, getting wind of the affair, interposed his authority, and confined "ye maiden" to a room in the upper story of the hostelrie. When ye gallant groom arrived upon the scene, fully arrayed in gorgeous habiliments, ye stern landlord denied him admittance, and swore by ye great "Mahoun" that ye ladye he should not wed. Nothing daunted, our hero retired for meditation, when the plaintive wail of ye hapless maiden attracted his attention. Casting his larboard eye aloft, he took in the situation at a glance, and, resolving with the courage of a "Bayard," to rescue her or perish in the attempt, he, with the assistance of some bystanders, procured a ladder, and, mounting to the expectant fair one, clasped her in his arms and descended amid the plaudits of the crowd. A procession was formed, headed by "ye noble pair," who took up the line of march for the parson's, where, in an evil hour, ye unfortunate man said the words which made him free no more.—*Easton Express.*

* * *

WHEN women are in arms they never oppose the liberty of the press.

A SAD STORY.

Many years ago, a picturesque spot, about six miles northwest of Lockport, N. Y., was the location of a handsome and comfortable homestead. The family which resided there was respected alike for its wealth and worth, and from that parental roof went forth to homes of their own a goodly number of lovely daughters and noble sons. One of these, more ambitious than the rest, thought to better his already prosperous fortune by accepting the golden promises California, at that time, so temptingly held forth. While there, he met and loved a young girl who was filling the honorable position of nurse-maid, in a rich man's family, She was uneducated and of humble birth, but amiable and remarkably beautiful. He placed her in a boarding-school, where she remained for several years, until her education was completed, when he married her.

He was then a very wealthy man, and he decided to return with his young wife to his native State. At San Francisco they took passage in a sailing vessel for New York, which, when within two hundred miles of the latter port, sprung a leak and rapidly filled with water. When the captain saw that his vessel was sinking, he let down the boats and into them lowered the female passengers, When this poor young wife learned that her husband was not going, she implored them to allow her to stay and die with him. But the captain was inexorable, and she was torn from his arms and lowered into the boat, which hurriedly made for land. What an agonizing farewell! The wife looked back and saw that loved husband for the last time, clinging to the mast of the vessel as it sunk into the pitiless sea.

The poor girl reached the home of her husband's parents in safety, and a few months after her arrival became the mother of a bright little boy. A few years later she visited a Southern State, taking her child with her. From that fatal tour she returned childless, and the remains of her darling boy lay in a Southern grave. By her child's death the last tie which bound her to her husband's kindred was broken, and she came back to Lockport, grieving over the manifold sorrows which had befallen her in a stranger State.

Weary of her lonely life, she at last listened to the protestations of an ardent suitor and married him; and to him she entrusted her property, which was considerable, although $80,000 in gold went down with that ill-fated vessel.

This second husband proved to be a gambler and worse; and, after squandering the larger portion of her wealth, leaving her with two children, penniless and homeless. And now, in an obscure dwelling a few miles outside of the city, this sad wreck of a once lovely and beloved woman subsists by the charity of a single friend.

* * *

THE INDIAN'S DREAM—When the Indian went to see the white man, he staid with him all night. In the morning he says to the white man:

"Me have dream last night."

"Ah, what was it?"

"Me dream you gave me your gray mare, and that you gave me rifle; that you gave me much powder—much ball, much shot."

"Did you indeed! What a dream!"

"Yes, me dream it all."

"Well, that's bad, for my wife always rides the gray mare, and she thinks she cannot ride any other horse; but if you dreampt it, why I suppose you must have her. And my rifle, too? my old favorite rifle—dream I gave you that too?"

"Yes, me dream rifle too."

"Well, if you dreamt it, why I suppose you must take that too, but it's very singular."

So the white man gave them all into the Indian's possession; but persuaded him to tarry with him one night more.

In the morning the white man said to the Indian:

"I had a dream last night."

"No, did you?"

"Yes, but I did though; I dreamed that you gave me all the land between Porjunkit river and Catapunch mountain" —about three thousand acres of the most beautiful land imaginable.

"Ah! Bones of my father! "Well, if you dreampt it; why I suppose you must have the land—but me never dream with you any more!"

* * *

PRESIDENT SMITH, of Dartmouth, used to set type in the printing office of Simeon Ide, at Windsor, and says of it: "It always seemed to me that it was a profitable service. I learned to spell, an attainment which even men of great notoriety do not always make. I learned many things about newspapers and books, and the matters they treat of, which served as a good preparation for the further studies I at length undertook. I am far from being satisfied with my labors in my present position; but, imperfect as they seem to me, I cannot but help thinking that I am a little better president for having been a printer."

* * *

'WHAT would you do if mamma should die?' asked a lady with whom we have the honor of an intimate acquaintance, of a little three-year-old girl that we would not take a hundred dollars for. 'Well, mamma,' was the melancholy response, 'I 'spose I should have to spank myself!'

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : March 16, 1872.

Democratic State Convention.

Pursuant to a resolution of the Democratic State Executive Committee this day adopted, a Democratic State Convention in numbers equal to the representation in both houses of the Legislature, is hereby called to meet in Reading, Pa., on Thursday, May 29th, 1872, at 11 o'clock A. M., to nominate candidates for Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court, and (should the Legislature so determine) for Auditor General and delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention, and also to form an electoral ticket and select senatorial and representative delegates to represent the State in the Democratic National Convention.

By order of the Executive Committee.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, *Chairman.*

Attest—WM. M'CLELLAND, *Secretary.*

Harrisburg, Feb. 15, 1872.

AT the election held in New Hampshire on last Tuesday, the radical candidate for Governor was elected by a majority of about *fifteen hundred.* When Grant ran for President he had a majority in the same State of *seven thousand.* In the face of these figures the result is anything but a radical victory. We think it is well that radicalism has succeeded by a meagre majority, for the reason that if the radical party had been defeated in that State. Grant would *not* have been renominated. *Now* he will be, and that is just what a majority of a million of the voters of the country wish, in order that they may record their solemn verdict against him.

◆

THE bill which passed the House prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors, wine or cider by hotel-keepers on the day of an election, and also prohibiting the *giving* of the same on said day by any person what ever, has passed the Senate with an amendment, striking out the *giving away* clause and confining the prohibition to persons keeping public houses or drinking saloons. In this shape the bill goes back to the House for concurrence, which will doubtless be done, thus leaving any *freeman* who may be so inclined the privilege of getting as drunk as Bacchus on election day, provided he has a friend or neighbor who will afford him the necessary facilities to bring about that result. This action on the part of the Senate was very kind and considerate.

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GOVERNOR GEARY threw a large bombshell into the radical camp on last Tuesday, when he sent a message to the Senate informing that body that he had appointed C. D. Brigham, editor of the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, Auditor General—the appointment to take effect on the first Monday of next May, when the term of the present officer will expire. This action of the Governor is not easily understood in view of the fact that last week a bill passed the House authorizing Gen. Hartranft, the present Auditor General, to continue in office until his successor, to be elected under the provisions of the bill next October, shall have been qualified. Our own opinion is, that Geary has no power to make the appointment, but that it is purely a question to be disposed of by the Legislature. As one branch of that body had already disposed of the matter, this unexpected movement by Geary brings him in direct conflict with the law-making power, unless the Legislature yields and allows Geary's will to prevail. The nomination was referred to the Judiciary Committee, and when it makes a report the question of conflicting power must be definitely settled.

◆

AFTER Grant assumed the duties of the Presidency, it was very common for his most enthusiastic admirers to refer to him as the "Second Washington." Even now after his total unfitness for the high office he holds has been fully demonstrated, some of his thick and thin supporters occasionally repeat this libel upon the illustrous Virginian who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Instead of resembling the dignified, austere and high-minded Washington, Grant is only fit to be compared in the intensity of his avarice to another and a very different character in history, the Duke of Marlborough. Horace Greely, who understands the moral beauty and greatness of Washington's character, and who also knows a good deal about Grant, published an editorial in the *Tribune* on the 22nd of February on the character of Washington, from which we take the following extract. Its significance is very apparent and indicates the writer's meaning so clearly that he who runs may read:

"We suggest that *never before* could the character of this man, so long foremost of all Americans, be studied by his countrymen with more profit. He had precisely those qualities which, either from climatic, or digestive or religious reasons, have grown exceedingly scarce among us. Of brilliant men we have had a fair share, but WASHINGTON was not brilliant; of nervous, headlong, desperate chiefs, who offered their lives and that of their men as freely as water; WASHINGTON *knew the value of a private's life and that of his own, and took care of both.* We have had no lack of rulers who used the government as mere machinery to lift themselves into lasting notoriety, *or who sat like a polypus in its cave stretching out its feelers on every side to draw food into its maw;* WASHINGTON *was not enriched one penny by the chances which his position gave him.*

It is worth our while, therefore, to look back at this man, whose body was six feet two and sound in proportion to its size; who was sober, honest and pure in his every-day life; had common sense instead of genius; and who, in a plain, practical way, served his country, *and not himself*, to the end."

A Suspected Governor.

Ever since John W. Geary in his last annual message undertook to defend the embezzlement of George O. Evans, a strong impression has been made on the popular mind that Geary himself knows all about the defalcation, and that he is in some way implicated in the dishonest transaction. That elaborate defence was so unusual, so unprecedented in an official State paper, that public opinion instinctively associated the Governor with the swindle. It was a sorry spectacle to see the Executive of a great Commonwealth thus stoop from his high position and become the open apologist of a man accused of having plundered the treasury of a large amount of the public funds. The business of an *honest* Governor is to aid and assist in exposing a fraud of such magnitude, and not attempt to conceal and cover it up by a studied effort to convince the people that the charge is without any solid foundation and that Evans is more sinned against than sinning.

After the committee of investigation was appointed, the question naturally suggests itself, why did not John W. Geary present himself before it and ask that he might, under the solemnity of an oath, be permitted to tell all he knew in reference to the matter? Such would be the course that any man, but especially if he were Governor, would promptly have taken in view of publicly expressed suspicion against him. But he saw proper, for reasons best known to himself, not to adopt this self-evidently necessary course to vindicate his own personal integrity, and to-day there exists a strong and almost settled conviction throughout the State that her Governor is not, like Cæsar's wife, pure, but even beyond suspicion. It is a humiliating thought, but his own conduct in the matter and all the circumstances connected with the fraud irresistibly point to that conclusion.

The testimony of William H. Kemble, who was State Treasurer at the time of Evans' appointment by Geary in 1867, was recently taken by the committee and is not at all calculated to relieve the Governor. Kemble swore that the appointment of any one to collect the amount due by the general government to the State, was a farce—that there was no necessity for it—that he himself had adjusted and settled $2,000,000 of the State claims with the Treasury department at Washington in 1866—that Geary had never communicated to him the fact that he had appointed Evans as the agent of the State in 1867, and that he did not therefore know and could not have known that Evans was required to make a report to him (Kemble) twice a year. All this looks dark and suspicions and is calculated to make the case against Geary much more serious.

We publish in another column an article from the Pittsburgh *Gazette* as an evidence of what are the views of a leading republican organ on the financial connection between John W. Geary and George O. Evans. They are plainly expressed and easily comprehended.

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* (radical) has also discussed the Evans swindle at length, and on Wednesday of last week closed an article in its columns as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Legislature, Gov. Geary should be promptly impeached.—There is enough of suspicion attaching to him to warrant such action against him. This will put him on his defense in these matters. He has defiled the Legislature, and is suspected of criminal conduct as regards the use of State funds. You owe it to yourselves, to the tax-payers, to the Commonwealth to impeach him. We are cool in our judgment, but decided. Geary should be impeached."

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THE HOUSE COMMITTEE (of which Mr. Hewit of Blair county is chairman) appointed to apportion the State into Congressional districts, reported a bill last week for that purpose. In this instance the radical mountain, after having been in labor for two months, instead of bringing forth a ridiculous mouse, has produced a very long-tailed rat. In this bill the counties of Huntingdon, Blair, Cambria and Somerset compose a district. It is very evident, from a glance at the bill, that Hewit blocked out his own district *first*, as a *sine qua non*, and having arranged it to his own entire satisfaction, proceeded to form the remaining districts as best he could, without any regard to political justice and with a supreme contempt for all the principles of honesty and fair dealing on which every apportionment bill ought to be based. We can only account for this unblushing gerrymander on the ground that its author is anxious to be sent to Congress—a species of political *mono mania* which is said to prevail to an alarming extent among the radical members of the present *able* and *intellectual* House of Representatives. We do not propose to discuss this bill in detail and to point out its numerous abominations, as that would require too much time and space. One instance of its gross and manifest injustice will indicate the character of the entire bill. It divides Philadelphia into *five* districts in a way so peculiar as to render absolutely certain the election of *four* radicals and *one* democrat. We will admit, for the sake of the argument, that the radical party has a majority of *five thousand* in that city. No intelligent republican will claim any more, while it has always been contended by democrats, that at a fair election the majority is the other way. How then should the city be honestly apportioned? Why in the very worst aspect of the case, into *three* republican and *two* democratic districts. All right minded men will admit the fairness of this proposition. Is not this bill, therefore, in view of this particular feature in it, an attempt to perpetrate a most monstrous wrong? Can any excuse at all be offered to justify it? In our judgment, the man who will vote for it violates his oath and knowingly dishonors his position.

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Governor Geary.

Whether rightly or wrongly, we do not, at this time, pretend to guess, but somehow or other the name of John W. Geary has become connected, in the minds of the people of the State, with the defalcation of Evans, the late Agent. Whether he was an accomplice in the theft, an accessory either before or after the fact, the mass of the people, we reiterate, have come to believe that he is somehow or other mixed up in the matter, and is using his every power to prevent a full investigation. We admit even so much, with great reluctance and sorrow, as we deplore from the depth of our heart that anything should occur to impair the standing of the Executive of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Can it be possible that he whom we have twice elected to the highest office in our State, has "bent the pregnant hinges of the knee," and stained his hands and his heart by accepting a portion of money known to him to have been illegally withheld from the treasury of the State? Can it be possible? and yet the instincts of the general public seldom err. The citizens of the State have been slow to admit the thought, of the defilement of the Executive office; but sundry and divers curious and unlooked for movements of the Governor have greatly tended to excite the present suspicions which, unless soon dissipated, will grow until the finger of scorn will be pointed, and impeachment must follow. Why did not Governor Geary ask to be called before the committee promptly? Once there, his evidence would have been accepted as truth, until controverted. *He knows*, just as well as George Evans, whether *his hands* are clean and his heart pure. It does not require Evans' testimony to establish that. The Governor himself will be accepted as authority on these points, for if, afterwards, any one doubt it, let him produce his proof. We all know that Evans kept a portion of the money of the State, which legally or equitably did not belong to him. He has told us that much, and defies us. His testimony therefore is of no use on that point, and all that he is wanted for, is to tell the people, whose faithless agent he was, *who shared with him* the three hundred thousand dollars of public plunder. This he ought to tell, for if his position is correct, viz: that the amount claimed by the State is properly his own, then he had a clear right to *give* it to whom he wished. But if he *robbed* the State, and divided the plunder among those who made such a division a condition of his obtaining the appointment, he ought still to make a clean breast of it; but he will not do it if he can help it.—He has probably already sworn *not* to tell, and he will doubtless keep his word, for "honor among thieves" has passed into a proverb.

But his flight and his silence will not help the Governor; on the contrary, taken in connection with the other fact that the latter, supported by his attorney, refuses to bring him back, it will only heap coals of fire upon his head. The Governor, in self-defense, must take the stand, if he woul check the belief in his own guilty connection with the flying robber. Let him, at least, tell what he knows about Evans and his labors, and if he be innocent of all complicity in the defalcation, and has not been a recipient of a portion of the money, let him say so. There are those who will believe him. The people of the State demand to know where this plunder went—who got it. The Republican party demand this, as the men who were placed in office by their votes are under suspicion. Let Mr. Graham's Committee call upon the Governor for his testimony; he must not refuse it; he will not, we trust. This is no time for punctilio, the people have been trifled with, and every citizen high or low must respond. The State is plaintiff and her summons must be obeyed. He who hesitates will be suspected. No honest man will.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

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THE GRAVEST ISSUE OF THE TIMES.—The great question of the day is that of official corruption. This moral pestilence stalks abroad unabashed throughout the land, and whether it appears in the Executive Department or the other high departments of the Government, or in rings in legislative halls, or in the municipal councils of cities, they must be crushed, or true Republicanism will perish. Great culprits must be brought to the bar of justice and punished as felons. High positions and great wealth must not shield the men who have amassed fortunes by stealing from the people. The power is with the people to correct this great and glaring evil of the time, and they must handle without gloves the miscreants, whether high or low, who use their official positions in order to rob the public.—*Erie Observer.*

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IT is a remarkable fact that on Monday the *tenth* Congressional investigation committee was appointed to inquire into the malversations of Grant maladministration. This time the Secretary of the Navy is to be investigated. The Custom house and arms investigations are proceeding, and the Seneca sand-stone inquiry has begun. Was there ever so much corruption under any administration before?

Meeting of the Democratic State Editorial Association.

Pursuant to the published call, a meeting of the Democratic State Editorial Association convened in the Democratic Central Club Room, at Harrisburg, Monday, March 4th, at three o'clock P. M.—The President, H. L. Dieffenbach, of the *Lycoming Standard*, in the chair.

After transaction of general business, on motion of Chas. B. Brockway of the *Columbian* and Frank J. Magee, of the *Star*, it was ordered that the chairman of the Executive Committee, of the Democratic State Association, J. W. Brown of the *Patriot*, in connection with H. G. Smith of the *Intelligencer*, President of State Editorial Association, be empowered to make such arrangements as they may deem necessary to insure a full attendance of all members of the Associaciation at Erie, on the second Tuesday in June, and that the members of the Association and those desirous of becoming such, be informed, by circular, of the programme of the contemplated excursion, with instructions to notify the chairman of the Executive Committee whether or not it is their intention to be present, and if so over what Railroads they will pass.

It was further agreed that the members of the Democratic Editorial Association residing in the eastern and central portions of the State, be directed to rendezvous at Williamsport, Monday evening, June 10, in order to take a special train for Erie, at an early hour on Tuesday morning.

On motion of Mr. Zeigler of the *Herald*, and Mr Hamlin of the *Age*, Mr. Whitman of the *Observer* was selected to take charge of and perfect preliminarry arrangements for the reception of the excurtionists at Erie, and in connection with two other gentlemen, members of the State Editorial Association, to constitute a committee of arrangements and reception On motion adjourned until 9:30 o'clock Tuesday a. m., to meet in Senate committee rooms.

SECOND DAY'S SESSION.—9:30 A. M.

Association met according to adjournment in Senate committee rooms. Minutes of previous meeting read by Secretary. Mr. Hamlin of the *Age*, Mr. Tate of the *Sun and Democrat*, Mr. Goodlander of the *Republican*, and Mr. Cornman of the *Monitor*. signed the constitution and were made members of the Association. Letters were received from a number of gentlemen regretting their inability to be present.

On motion of Mr. Meek, of the *Watchman*, and Mr. Stahle, of the *Compiler*, it was ordered that the Secretary be instructed to procure a suitable book in which to transcribe and preserve the records of the Association.

The annual address was read by the President, Mr. Dieffenbach of the *Standard.*

On motion of Mr. Whitman of the *Observer*, and Mr. Meek of the *Watchman*, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the address of the president be accepted and endorsed as an authoritive expression of the views of the members of the Democratic State Editorial Association and be printed as part of the regular proceedings of this meeting.

After a friendly discussion of matters pertaining to the interests of the Association and its members by Messrs. Hamlin, Stahle, Tate, Sansom, Smith and Furey, and there being no further business, the Association adjourned.

H. L. DIEFFENBACH, President.

WILLIAM P. FUREY, Secretary.

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REMARKABLE SCENE.—*A Whole Congregation Taking the Total Abstinence Pledge.*—week Sunday evening a most remarkable scene was witnessed in the old church of St. John's (Catholic) parish, Patterson, New Jersey. The Rev. Wm. McNulty, pastor, at all the morning masses had read Bishop Bayley's Lenten pastoral, and feelingly dwelt upon the passage wherein the Bishop declares that "the spectacle of a strong man behind the bar, dealing out crime, misery and death, instead of earning an honest living in some manly way, was the most pitiable sight imaginable." He announced that the old church in which they had worshiped for years would be opened that evening for the purpose of administering the total abstinence pledge to all who might wish to commence Lent in this praiseworthy manner, and that he had invited the President of the Catholic State Temperance Union to deliver an address, and would himself address to them some exhortations on the subject. About two thousand persons were packed in the old church at seven o'clock The altar was hidden away behind draperies and banners, a platform being erected in front. Pews and aisles on the floor and galleries were crowded.

The pastor delivered an impressive address which was listened to with breathless attention, and introduced Mr. J. W. O'Brien of the State Union, who spoke for an hour. Father McNulty then called upon his people to join the army of teetotalers, and told those so disposed to stand up. In an instant fully one thousand people were on their feet. They repeated the pledge aloud, and received the priest's benediction. The presidents of St. Patrick's, St. Joseph's. St. John's, of Paterson, and Passaic St. Patrick's societies were on the platform. The meeting was compared to one of O'Connell's monster emancipation meetings.

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ENGLAND has for a long time been deeply interested in the progress of a suit for the recovery of the Tichborne estate, instituted by an individual claiming to be Sir Roger Tichborne, who it is claimed by the defendants died many years ago. The case came to a sudden and unexpected end on Wednesday of last week. Upon the opening of the court, the counsel for the claimant announced that their client had decided, in view of the action of the jury on Monday in saying that they had heard sufficient evidence whereon to base their verdict, to withdraw his cause from before the court. After this announcement had been made the counsel for the defense asked the lord chief justice to issue his warrant for the arrest of the claimant on the charge of perjury, and to fix his bail at $250,000. This request was granted, a bench warrant issued for his arrest, and he was taken to Newgate prison. Decidedly a rough time Sir Roger Tichborne will have before he comes into his own.

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RIPE STRAWBERRIES from Cuba are now being sold in Baltimore.

The Attack on the Queen.

Her Majesty of England has just been the subject of another sensation. While returning to Buckingham Palace, the other day, in her carriage, a poor boy named O'Connor, scarcely eighteen years old, and evidently warped in mind, approached her suddenly with something that looked like a pistol in one hand and a paper in the other. The foolish youth was captured very easily, and it then turned out that the pistol was an old thing that a whole ton of powder would hardly induce to "go off," and that there was nothing in it anyway, and the paper proved to be a pardon for the Fenian prisoners, which the Queen was to be compelled to sign, under the influence of the old pistol that could not do any one any harm. When the boy was captured, a feat due to the presence of mind of the celebrated John Brown (not him whose peripatetic soul is declared, in super-loyal American doggerel, to be still marching on, but the Scotchman who, as her Majesty's favorite groom, has been not entirely unconnected with certain royal scandals) he turned out to be a grandson of Feargus O'Connor, the well-remembered Chartist leader, who died in an insane asylum some eighteen years ago.

Of course the London press immediately raised a terrible hullabulloo over the freak of the young enthusiast, which freak was magnified into a most dastardly and infernal attempt to assassinate the Queen. And the press was not slow in drawing comparisons between this most dastardly, infernal, etc. attempt and the great demonstration of regard for her Majesty which was made a few days before (by the nobility) in St. Paul's Cathedral. But the poor boy really had no more thought of killing the Queen than he had of disputing royal claims with the Prince of Wales. Men with murder in their hearts do not usually approach their intended victims with empty and superannuated pistols. Young O'Connor probably thought he could frighten the Queen into signing the form of pardon which he held toward her, but he certainly could not have any purpose of doing her bodily harm. His act was most improper, of course, but so are the acts of simpletons, lunatics and enthusiasts generally. The boy did not realize what he was doing. He is simply an impetuous youth who fancied that he might immortalize himself by compelling the liberation of the political prisoners, the many petitions for whose release not elicited even an acknowledgment from Victoria, to whom they were addressed. And now Mr. John Brown has a big feather in his Scotch cap for saving her Majesty from a dastardly young assassin who went up to her carriage with an empty old pistol that would probably be indignantly rejected by the most disreputable junk dealer in London.

Queen Victoria has had an experience much like that of other rulers in respect of attempts upon her life. The first of these was made in 1840, by a crazy lad named John Oxford, who actually fired at her, but whose bullet missed its object. Oxford meant to kill, whereas the latest "would-be assassin" evidently had no thought of killing. The second attempt was made two years later, by one John Francis, who was captured, tried and sentenced to be hanged, but whose sentence the Queen commuted to transportation for life. Only two months passed after the attempt of Francis when a third assassin, J. W. Bean, sought to put an end to her Majesty's life, but his pistol was struck down before he had a chance to fire. He was imprisoned for eighteen months, and had to undergo the process of whipping, which, according to act of Parliament, was then the penalty for the crime. It seems to be a regular contingency of royal rule, or political rule of any kind, that the ruler may become an object of assassination at any time.—Within a few years we have seen attempts on the lives of Louis Napolean, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prursia, and lately, according to reports, on those of President Thiers and Prince Bismarck. The latest was perhaps the most foolish and fantastic of all, for the whole proceeding partook of the character of a silly, boyish demonstration.

Young O'Connor is of English birth, but it seems the harsh treatment of the Irish political prisoners has preyed upon his mind until he has become a sort of monomaniac. But there may be men of much sounder mind than his who would, for the same cause, go much further than he did in seeking revenge. It appears that some fifty persons are still held in custody by the English Government for acts connected with the Fenian undertaking. Petition after petition for the release of these prisoners, all of whom are treated with barbarous severity, have been addressed to the Queen, but she has not even deigned to notice them. Certainly it is not strange that the indifference of the Queen, coupled with the cruel harshness of the treatment to which the prisoners are subjected, has exasperated many who symapthize with the victims of English law, and led at least one hot-headed young fellow to risk his own life for their liberation. Arthur O'Connor's act was a very foolish one, but the cause of it may be traced to the systematic injustice and outrage of which Ireland and Irishmen have long been victims at the hands of brow-beating England.—*Metropolitan Record.*

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HORRIBLE MURDER IN OHIO.—*Dayton, March 10.*—A horrible murder was committed six miles northwest of this city, last night. A woman named Mary Marquardt, aged about thirty-five, and three children, aged respectively six and eight years and six months, are supposed to have been killed by the husband, Leonard Marquadt, who is now in jail. The woman was found in bed naked and apparently strangled. The children were found on the bank of a creek some distance from the house. The two eldest had been drowned and the infant's head was crushed. An inquest will be held on Monday.

Cincinnati, March 11.—Further particulars in regard to the murder of a woman and three children, near Dayton, Saturday night, indicate that the murder was committed by the father, Leonard Marquardt, who is evidently insane from a spiritual cause. The story which the man himself tells is that a few days ago he read a chapter to his family from the Bible, and then, rising up, accused his wife of being a witch and using witchcraft. He says his eldest daughter confirmed him in his suspicions. He says also that on Saturday night he told his wife he wanted their children to leave; that both he and his wife stripped naked, and knelt down and prayed for fifteen minutes. They then stripped two of the children and took them out and drowned them, and laid them side by side on the bank of the stream. They then dashed out the brains of the infant and left it lying in the woods, after which they returned home and went to bed. After lying there for fifteen minutes he told his wife that he wanted to send her to heaven also, and immediately fell upon her and strangled her to death. After that he arose and prayed until three o'clock in the morning, when he went to the nearest neighbor and told him the whole story. Marquardt is a German farmer, and has been in this country about eighteen years. The murdered woman was his second wife.

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THE small-pox has so pauperized the people of South Chester, Pa., that public measures had to be taken for their relief.

News of the Week.

—An Iowa farmer employs nine elk in the cultivation of his fields.

—An Indiana Bluebeard has married seven consecutive wives, all named Mary.

—There will be a general celebration of St. Patrick's Day this year throughout Pennsylvania.

—Pittsburgh now boasts of a coal trade amounting to three million five hundred tons annually.

—The Illinois river has continued frozen over since November, a fact almost unprecedented.

—The rumor has gone abroad that a newly-born infant, in Perry county, has a waterfall "on the place where the hair ought to grow."

—Steam power will be extensively used for propelling boats, on the Pennsylvania canal, the coming season, instead of horse or mule teams.

—A man named McGee shot himself accidentally in Portland, Oregon, on Sunday week, and, driven frantic from pain, cut his throat and died on Friday.

—It is stated that sixteen families have decided to leave Bellefonte on account of the high rents. If true, that is a magnificent point for some enterprising builder.

—A farmer's child, near Biddeford, Maine, last week died of cold and starvation while its parents were away drunk, and a famished hound mutilated the corpse.

—A colony of Pennsylvania farmers, about three hundred families, mostly from York, Cumberland, and Adams counties, will settle in Russell county, Kan., about April 1st.

—Straw, the republican candidate for governor at the New Hampshire election on Tuesday, employs over 4,000 workmen. These were the straws that made a favorable wind blow.

—Judge Barrett has granted a stay of proceedings in the case of Foster, the car hook murderer of A. C. Putnam, in New York. The case will be carried to the Court of Appeals.

—Samuel Fargue, a shiftless fellow, shot and killed his wife at Greenbush, New York, during a quarrel; shot at, but missed, his daughter, aged 18, and then cut his throat, dying in a few minutes.

—Maria Mengel, aged 92 years, the oldest resident of Windsor township, Berks county, was buried recently. She was the mother of 9 children, and had 71 grandchildren and 146 great grandchildren.

—A farm is advertised for sale in Farmington, Conn., for no portion of which any deed was ever given, it having remained in the same family for two hundred and thirty-two years, ever since the original purchase from the Indians.

—There are now living in Fulton township, Lancaster county, three men and the same number of women whose united ages amount to 523 years, nearly five centuries and a quarter. The eldest is 97 and the youngest about 84.

—The State Senate passed a joint resolution extending the session of the Legislature to April 16th, but the House by a vote of 8 yeas and 73 nays refused to agree to the resolution. The time fixed for adjournment is the 28th instant.

—The Williamsport *Sun* says: A certain young lady in this city advised a gentleman friend not to take flatirons to bed with him on cold nights, as they might *warp his feet.* The stupid fellow did not know enough to take the hint and propose.

—A mammoth cave, the rival of the Kentucky phenomenon, is reported in Grant county, Wis. It is said to contain oceans of water, and adventurous parties have rowed in boats to a great distance within the cave. Considerable mineral wealth is also reported.

—A few days since the State Treasurer of Tennessee footed up his total receipts at $1 in currency, which moves our cotemporary of the Louisville *Courier Journal* to say that this is one solitary dollar that the Radicals didn't steal during the reign of St. Wm. G. Brownlow.

—At Toledo, Ohio, on Sunday night, a drover named J. A. Miller, of Goshen, N. Y., was robbed of about $12,000. Eight thousand of the amount was subsequently found in a saloon, where it had been left by the thief, but the remainder, together with the robber, are still missing.

—Rev. J. H. Grier of Jersey Shore is eighty four years of age—has preached the Gospel sixty years—married five hundred and eighty-six couples, and from his good health and activity, we have no doubt he will be spared to "tie many knots" yet. This is certainly the wish of his many friends.

—A correspondent of the Kansas Farmer writes from Solomon as follows: "From a single pumpkin seed there grew a vine with one hundred and six branches, that measured in the aggregate, one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight feet. The pumpkins were very large, one measuring four feet four inches the short way, by six feet six inches the long way."

—An English game-keeper has recently broken a black sow to hunt game in the woods, and she is said to run in the hunt with wonderful success. She will track game, back and stand and point partridges, pheasants, snipe and rabbits as skillfully as a bred pointer; meanwhile uncurling her tail and stretching it out as stiff as a poker. She responds to a whistle, and squeals with delight on being shown a gun.

—A man named Benjaman Kanterman, committed suicide on Monday night last, at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., by cutting his throat. Sickness and trouble in his family, no doubt, caused him to commit the deed. His wife and three children are down with the small pox, and as usual in such cases, very few of the neighbors ventured near to render him any assistance in caring for his family, they being in indigent circumstances.

—Emanuel Schaffner, of West Hanover township, Dauphin county, of this State, who was arrested on the 12th of October last for the murder of his first and second wives and John Sharlock, by poisoning, has been on trial since Monday, the 4th instant, at Harrisburg. The trial lasted till Monday evening, when the jury went out. On Tuesday morning the jury returned, and rendered a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." A motion for a new trial has been made.

—David Thomas, the great iron master of the Lehigh Valley, has written a letter which fully establishes the fact that he was the first who succeeded in making iron with anthracite coal. He brought the manufacture to perfection in Wales in 1837, and was induced to come to this country, when he erected a furnace at Easton, Pa., in 1839. From that time until the present he has continued the manufacture of anthracite iron, and 400,000 tons are annually made in the Lehigh Valley.

—Mary Ann Connors, a young daughter of Thomas Connors, a farmer, living near Hyde Park, L. I., died in convulsions on Wednesday, after being sick only a few hours. An inquest was held by Coroner Watt, of Flushing, which resulted in a verdict of "death from convulsions." While the family were attending the funeral, on Monday, another child died at its mother's breast in a similar manner. The coroner has the matter in charge, and a *post mortem* examination will probably be the result.

The Pennsylvania Central.

Six Thousand Miles with Alexis.

Nothing more distinguishes the management of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company than its quick and quiet courtesies to eminent people who come to us from other countries. Promptitude and silence may be cited among the virtues of this line. Operated by electricity and steam, it moves rapidly and without advertisement. As an illustration of this thought, the Philadelphia *Press* refers to the way in which the Pennsylvania Company anticipated the wants and provided for the comforts of the Grand Duke Alexis. His Imperial Highness resolved, and perhaps had been instructed, to make a continental tour of America. He had seen New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, but he or his advisers seemed to feel that the only way to see the whole country was through the spectacles of such a statesman as the president of the Pennsylvania Central. This fact known, it was determined that a gentleman should be selected to superintend the movements of the railroad trains, &c., and to accompany the Grand Duke through the United States as the guest of the nation. The choice fell upon Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania and Erie road, son of the late lamented Judge Thomson, of Franklin county, Pennsylvania. How well he discharged his trust may be understood by those who know his care and courtesy. We are not, therefore, surprised at the following letter from Admiral Poisset, the head of the staff of the Grand Duke Alexis. It is addressed to John Edgar Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It will be noted that the Admiral refers with gratification to the fact that under Mr. Frank Thomson's management the Grand Ducal party had traversed over six thousand miles of railway in the United States by special trains without a single accident or detention upon the whole journey—a circumstance which in itself reflects much credit upon the management of American railways. The following is the Admiral's letter:

PENSACOLA, February 22, 1872.—SIR: On arriving at the end of his journey, his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis begs to assure you that he felt great pleasure in expressing his complete satisfaction with all the arrangements of Mr. Frank Thomson. To conduct a large party over nearly six thousand miles of rail—many belonging to many different companies—without the slightest misunderstanding or delay during the whole journey, required an amount of intelligence, experience, foresight and energy, which we luckily found combined in the gentleman who had charge of the expedition.

I may add that Mr. Thomson's gentlemanly manners made him no less agreeable as a companion than his other qualities made him invaluable as a manager. As Mr. Frank Thomson has been so useful to the guest of the American nation. I trust you will not regret having been for some time deprived of his services.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

E. POISSET.

J. EDGAR THOMSON, Esq., Philadelphia.

When the young Duke returns to his family and friends, and tells the story of what he has seen on this continent, he will perhaps recall the experiment of his ancestor, Peter the Great, who had many hopes of the future, and who journeyed far for knowledge and yet never in his wildest dreams anticipated that one of his posterity should traverse six thousand miles with a Yankee like Frank Thomson as his guide, as rapidly as a balloon, and as safely as in one of his own St. Petersburg or Moscow droschkas.

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The Chaff from the Wheat.

Nature throughout all her operations does precisely what the husbandman does when he winnows the chaff from the wheat—so too it is with the blood in the human body, as it passes in its course of reparation of the various parts engaged in the functions of life; it winds its way through this organ and the other, the dross or worn out material is separated from the good blood; thus the liver secretes the bile; the kidneys the urine, the bowls the feculant matter peculiar to them, the skin is continually throwing off insensible and sensible perspiration, and it is in this way that the harmony and health of the circle of life is maintained. In acute diseases there is a sudden check of obstruction to some one or more of these functions; in chronic diseases it also exists, but not to the same extent—this makes an acute disease rapid in its course, and a chronic one, as its name imports, slow and of long duration. They are both curable. The first by a vigorous and active treatment, and the latter by a slower and surer method. By the use of DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE the obstructions are gradually removed, the cough which induces consumption is allayed, and its cause expelled from the system, the stomach is restored to its tone and vigor; the kidneys eliminate the urine; the liver secretes healthy bile, and thus disease gives way to health. Consumption itself is cured, especially in the beginning, by this course.

Read Dr. Keyser's treatise on chronic lung diseases, to be had gratis at his medicine store, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 3 P. M. until 6, and Saturday night until 9 o'clock.

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A WHISTLING BABY.—The Fulton *Democrat* has an item in regard to a new prodigy in that county in the shape of a "whistling baby." It says: "The Chambersburg *Repository* yields the palm to Fulton county as the champion producer of prodigies, monstrosities, &c., and now we come with a prodigy in the Fine Art line which we think 'removes the dilapidated linen' at once. It is nothing more nor less than a 'Whistling Baby'—a little waif about eight months old, that would claim, if he could, Ayr township as his residence, and who delights his doting mother *et al*, after partaking of the lacteal nourishment, or between drinks, with whistling, in imitation of the most approved masters, and in strains of exquisite melody. This is commencing young, and we predict that he will 'charm the very birds out of the bush' by the time he is twenty-one."

A FREAK OF NATURE.—Mr. L. Hote, who resides a short distance north of Auburn, Ky., recently had a cow that, in the course of two weeks, become so large that she could not stand up, and when lying down, was in so much misery that he concluded to kill her. Upon a *post-mortem* examination the cow was found to contain thirteen well developed calves, two of which were of ordinary size, the remaining eleven being the size of young pigs.

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—A New Fairfield (Ct.) man has invented a torpedo in shape of a kernel of corn, which is designed for the beguilement of crows. As soon as the offensive bird takes hold of it, it explodes and blows the top of its head off. This affords a cheap and innocent recreation for the crow, and at the same time does away with the grievious evil.

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WE have seen it stated in various papers throughout the country that agents for the sale of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* were authorized to refund the money to any person who should use them and not be satisfied with the result. We doubted this at first, but the proprietors authorize us to say that it is true.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT is, without doubt, the safest, surest, and best remedy that has ever been invented for internal and external use. It is applicable to a great variety of complaints, and is equally beneficial for man or beast.

Cambria Freeman,

SATURDAY, : : MARCH 16, 1872

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Haps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—Household goods will soon be on the flit.

—Friday exhibited a little of the lion in its composition, if cold and stormy weather is what constitutes the lion.

—Manufacturers of cherry lumber will be interested in the advertisement of W. H. Hickok, Harrisburg, published elsewhere.

—An act fixing the salary of the Commissioners of this county at $400 each has passed the lower branch of the Legislature.

—Court is over, both weeks, and we can still get our pocket book into our pocket without hard shoving. More's the pity—for us.

—Mr. John Dougherty has sold that portion of his premises now occupied by Mr. R. R. Thomas to Mr S. P McCann for $1,800.

—Mr. R. R Jones, of Cambria township, accidentally cut an ugly gash in one of his feet while chopping wood a few days ago.

—We can print horse bills with an elegant horse represented thereon. Of course we can. Study about this, if you have a horse of that kind.

—Brother Swank of the Tribune and Brother Early of the Echo looked in upon us during the past week for a brief "length of period." Always welcome.

—A lecture will be delivered in the Catholic church at St. Augustine on to-morrow (St. Patrick's) afternoon, at 3½ o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

—Daniel Irwin, of Antis township, Blair county, fell on his head, on Monday week, while alighting from a wagon, and received injuries which caused his death on Friday following. He was 74 years old.

—We were promised a report of this week's proceedings in Court, but have waited in vain for its appearance, and not having time at the last moment to attend to the matter, it must go over until next week.

—The Millerites are going to have all sublunary things knocked "higher nor a kite" some time next year, and delinquent subscribers had better be making their peace with the printer as soon as possible.

—Mary Good's house, in Susquehanna township, and a portion of the furniture therein, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night last, which wasn't a good thing for Mary Good. A stove pipe through the roof did it.

—The Postmaster General has issued a circular notice to all postmasters, asking the public to superscribe the county, as well as the post office and State, upon all letters, circulars, news and other matter to be forwarded by mail.

—Four men tried to get on a railroad car at Tyrone, one day last week, while the train was in motion. An amputated arm for one man, two fingers for another, and divers and sundry injuries for the party in general were what they got.

—The Echo does the FREEMAN injustice, perhaps unintentionally, by intimating that a communication reflecting on a woman's character was published in its columns If we know what character is we fail to see where the reflection came in.

—The "Cove Echo" is the title of a new independent paper just established at Martinsburg. Blair county now rejoices in the possession of eight weekly newspapers, and we understand that another attempt to establish a daily will shortly be made in Altoona.

—There really seems to be such a thing as "a potent sedative for calming the perturbed spirits," etc., and the Herald man has it the worst kind—so bad, indeed, that it will take about forty-one more new subscribers to get him safely through the trying ordeal.

—From now until May 15th two dollars, and nothing less, will be accepted for the FREEMAN for one year from those who have been receiving it for the past eight weeks or more After that date, for the next three months, $2.25 will be the amount charged Take heed in time.

—Mr. James M Singer, of Jackson township, has announced himself as an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Register and Recorder of this county. Mr. S. is a lively young democrat, and being fully competent for the position, his claims are worthy of consideration.

—The dead body of a new born infant was found in the vault of an outhouse in Rostraver township, Westmoreland county, on the morning of the 7th instant. A girl named Mary Selmont admitted that she was the mother of the child, but left for parts unknown before she was arrested.

—A young son of Mr. Michael Snyder, of Carroll township, while in quest of eggs on Tuesday last, attempted to cut away a portion of one of the boards on his father's barn, and in doing so accidentally struck his foot with the axe and now he is minus two or three toes and plus a very painful wound.

—Subscribers to the FREEMAN who change their location this spring should give us prompt notice of the fact If they receive the paper by mail they should state the post-office at which they have been getting the paper as well as the one to which they desire to have it transferred. Attention to this will save delays.

—Any of our readers who may have occasion to visit Hollidaysburg will do well to call at the clothing store of the late Jacob Pircher, dec'd, as there is no doubt but what they can buy any article of ready made clothing, good and as cheap as could be bought in the city at wholesale. There is no deception about this, as the goods must be sold in order to close out business.

—We are powerful glad to hear that boss Traugh of the Hollidaysburg Standard has ordered a new power press. No man in the biz has ever more faithfully earned or more fully deserves such aid and comfort in his declining years. Hope he'll loan it to us occasionally, and when we get one of our own we'll return the compliment, if the sheriff should happen to sell his'n.

—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, of Mr. James McBride, Agent for the Bickford Family Knitting Machine. As this machine stands at the head of a class of machines which is fast becoming deservedly popular on account of the wide range of work it will do, we think that all persons, and especially Agents, could not do better than consider its claims.

—No new developements have been made in regard to the Mineral Point murder since our last issue. A few errors crept into our account of the tragedy—one of them in the maiden name of the victim, which was Ann Boyle or Boyles, instead of Doyle, and another in the number of years since her brother in law worked in this place, the time being about twenty-seven instead of ten or twelve years ago.

—The Republican County Committee met at the Court House in this place, on Monday last, and selected Mr. J. Alex. Moore, of Ebensburg, as Representative Delegate, with instructions to support Hon. D. J. Morrell for Governor, and conferred the honor of Senatorial Delegate upon Mr. Alex Kennedy, of Johnstown, with power to appoint his own conferees. The Alecks are evidently trumps in the radical deal. Next fall however the democrats will order them up and play it alone.

A CAMBRIAN FROZEN TO DEATH.—A letter from our friend Mr B. J. McFeely, written at Houtzdale, Clearfield county, furnishes to a great extent the following particulars of the freezing to death, near that place, of a man named Nicholas Kuhn, claiming to be a citizen of this county:

On the 6th inst., a German named Nicholas Kuhn was frozen to death about one mile from this place. I saw him leave his boarding house here in a very weak condition, he at the time remarking to some of the boarders that he was going to Cambria county, where he said he had property, not far from Jaynesville, this county. On the 7th, Mr. Pershing, proprietor of the house at which the deceased had been boarding, went in quest of him and found his lifeless body lying at the side of the road, about one mile, as I have said, from this place. His remains were brought back to Mr. David Pershing's house, where an inquest was held and a verdict of "death by freezing" rendered. On the 8th his body was interred in the Catholic graveyard at Osceola. The deceased had been married to a young girl of this place, but for some reason she left him, and he became partially deranged in consequence.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, March 14. 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—After wandering in imagination adown the dark vista of the misty past, as I do in my "Seventy Years Ago," I find it somewhat difficult to come down to the doings of the present, especially as there is very little occuring in this vicinity worthy of note. However here goes for an attempt.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN.

George M'Clane, Esq , an old and highly esteemed citizen of this borough, closed his earthly career at noon yesterday, after having attained the patriarchal age of 74 years. Mr. M'Clane removed from Blairsville to this place nearly thirty-two years ago, and has resided here ever since. He was first employed on the Pennsylvania canal, afterwards as a locomotive engineer, and finally for many years was in the employ of the Cambria Iron Company. Owing to ill health, however, he was forced to relinquish his labors several months ago. He was the father of a large and much respected family, nearly all whom are now married and comfortably settled in life. Few men among us had earned more fully the good will of the entire community, and his death is a source of sincere regret. Ever green be his memory.

VERY SICK.

Mr. Wm. Orr, another prominent citizen and business man of this place, is now lying dangerously ill at his residence in the Fourth Ward, and there seems to be no hope for his recovery.

FIRE.

The saw mill and dwelling house of Mr. Daniel Border, at Davidsvill, Somerset county, a few miles from this place, was destroyed by fire one day last week I did not learn the cause nor the amount of loss sustained.

BADLY SCALDED.

Samuel Rhodes, employed at the steel rail mill, accidentally slipped and fell into what is called a "bosh," on Wednesday morning of last week, and the boiling water therein scalded him severely. He is now recovering slowly.

WOODVALE SCHOOL.

This school closed on last Wednesday with an exhibition in the evening. The schoolhouse was crowded to excess, there being some eighty pupils, besides some three hundred parents and others. The school has been for eight months under the charge of S. B. McCormick, who seemed to have his pupils well drilled in the branches taught, as they answered some three hundred and fifty definitions very readily, read well, declaimed better, and pointed out places on the map best of all. The Glee Club of Johnstown were present and regaled the audience with some of the sweetest strains of music that ever fell upon the listening ear. Messrs. Levergood, Fockler, Carroll, Fockler, Johnston and Bosley, with Mr. Andrews as organist, constitute the Club. All who heard them were charmed with their melodies The exercises lasted till ten o'clock. The pupils all acquitted themselves well. The directors were all present and expressed the highest degree of satisfaction Though the roads and streets were in a bad condition, it did not deter the people, old and young, from attending the performances The names of the directors of this borough are: L. F Bingaman, President, D. A. Lucas, Secretary, Ed. Thomas, Treasurer, And. Beck, Wm Penrod, Ed Thomas, sr.

CAMBRIA BOROUGH SCHOOLS.

The following are the names of the directors and teachers of these schools:

Directors—James Maloy, John Ellsworth, Chas. Oswald, Ignatius Koshle, Bernard Garvey, Edward Howe.

Teachers—Michael Sweeney, Ellen J. Garvey, Mary A Devlin, Christina M'Cabe

The directors furnished and the teachers distributed ten dollars' worth of prizes among the pupils of these schools a few evenings ago, making in all eighteen dollars' worth of prizes which have been awarded during the term — The directors deserve great praise for their liberality in this particular. ROB ROY.

ALLEGHENY TWP , March 11, 1872.

EDITOR FREEMAN—As you print correspondence from many parts of the county, I presume you will not reject a few lines from this section.

On Friday night last a very creditable entertainment, in the form of an exhibition, was given at Mr. Henry Kaylor's school, in this township. The performances, which consisted of dialogues, songs, etc., were so ably and gravely rendered by the young pupils of said school, that one would almost think they had been trained to such exercises from infancy.—The exhibition also reflected much credit on Mr Kaylor, who labored so diligently during the entire winter for the advancement of his scholars. The citizens of the district propose to pay Mr Kaylor better wages the next term, provided he is willing to teach the same school As a faithful, attentive and efficient teacher, I presume that Mr. K has no rival in these parts. Not wishing to occupy too much of your valuable space, I will say no more. SPECTATOR.

THE ST. AUGUSTINE FAIR.—We publish by request the following report of the principal drawings and balletings had at the recent Fair held in aid of the St. Augustine church, together with the names of those who had the good luck to win the prizes:

ARTICLES DRAWN BY CHANCE.

Silver Watch, Joseph Travis; silver watch, M. McKendrick; silver chin, Ann Adams; set glass dishes, Mary Dodson; set glass dishes, Ellen Bradley; set glass dishes, Belle McMullen; glass pitcher, Jno. H. Douglass; wash bowl and pitcher, Maggie Burke; washing machine, —— Chaplin; cooking stove, Carbon Glunt; 16 lbs. honey, Luke Durbin; lace tidy, Adams & Nagle; large quilt, Hugh McConnell; large quilt, Alice McGuire; cradle quilt, J. G. Hasson; cradle quilt, Ossie Wilkinson; cradle quilt, —— Flanders; cradle quilt, James Grove; worsted rug, Martha Garson; dulcimer, Michael Cooper; piano, Mary Conway; calico dress pattern, Rosie Dillon; calico dress pattern, Charley Billon; breakfast shawl, Mattie Mariett; lady's hat, Susie Walters; worsted tidy, Alice Littlefield; worsted tidy, Wharton; silver half dollar, John McMullen; red delaine dress, James Cawley; "Primacy of the Apostolic See," (book,) Ellie Douglass; baby and cradle, E. R. Dunegan; clock, John R. Nagle; glass lamp, Frank Nagle; set goblets, Mollie Adams; white shirt, Ellie Wharton.

ARTICLES VOTED FOR.

Carving Knife and Fork.—Candidates: Harry Mariett, Silas McGough, Michael Barnacle, P. J. McKenzie. Awarded to gentleman first named.

Spirit Level.—Patrick Donahoe, Mich'l Waltz, Andrew Hoover, John A. Storm, Geo. Miller. Awarded to gentleman first named.

Large Doll.—Minnie Neason, Vickie Glass.—Awarded to the latter.

Shoes.—Mollie Glass, Tensie Burgoon, Amanda Douglass. Awarded to the first named.

PERSONAL.—A former citizen of this place, Mr J. Patton Thompson, now connected with the well known wholesale Notion House of M. M. Marple & Co., Philadelphia, has become the fortunate patentee of a very valuable invention which about a year ago, as many of our readers will no doubt remember, was favorably noticed by the Philadelphia papers. The patent consists of a Cabinet for holding cotton and silk spools of any size, and is so arranged as admirably to meet the wants of retail dealers by showing at a glance the size of the spool desired, avoiding the possibility of different numbers becoming mixed, and besides all this is a great saver of time and space. As an evidence of the value of this patent it is sufficient to say that the extensive spool silk house of Brainard, Armstrong & Co., No. 469 Broadway, New York, and No. 220 Market street, Philadelphia, fully appreciating its great merits, have paid a handsome sum for the sole right to exhibit spool silk in this Cabinet. The motto of this firm, "BEST IN THE WORLD," indicates their ambition, their goods having become a standard in the trade, and Mr. Thompson has been fortunate in securing this first class house to place his Cabinet before the country and thus enable our merchants to realize the worth of this highly valuable and very useful invention.

THE AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL.—We wish to call the attention of our readers to this, the oldest and most widely circulated JOURNAL of its class, devoted to the Live Stock interests of the whole country. Each number is handsomely illustrated with Engravings, and contains many articles of interest to every Farmer and Stock Raiser, only $1.00 a year. Specimen copies FREE. Address N. P. BOYER & Co., Parkesburg, Chester County, Pa.

—A son of Erhart Pfiester, painter, of Johnstown, died of small pox on Sunday. Three cases there are reported.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

WHAT WE HAD NOT.

Being somewhat ancient myself, I wish to inform some of your more youthful readers how people lived seventy-two years ago, or say seventy years ago, in order that the spirit of discontent so noticeable among young people at the present day may be somewhat assuaged.

Seventy years ago there was no Cambria county, and very few inhabitants where Cambria county is now situated.

Seventy years ago there were no turnpikes, no stage coaches, no canals, no railroads, and no telegraphs.

Seventy years ago there were no lucifer matches, no carbon oil, no gas, no coal fires, no stoves—not even a cooking stove—no plastered nor papered rooms, and but little carpet.

Seventy years ago there were no steam engines, steam boats, steam mills, no threshing machines, no reaping machines, no mowing machines, no patent hay forks, and no patent locks on wagons.

Seventy years ago there were no daguerreotypes, no photographs, no lithographs, no chromos, no albums, no fancy valentines, and no bandbox children

Seventy years ago there were no fancy school houses, no common schools, no cherry desks, no graded books, no printed copy-books, no ruled paper, no envelopes, no lead pencils, and no steel or metalic pens

Seventy years ago there were no rotary printing presses, no daily papers, no pictorial papers, no Sunday schools, no school cards, no ladies' hats, and no gentlemen's shawls.

Seventy years ago we had no massive churches, no velvet cushioned pews, no choirs, no church organs, no melodeons, and no pianos. (I mean in this part of this State.)

Seventy years ago we had no candy stores, no clothing stores, no hardware stores, no fancy stores, and no strychnine whisky.

Seventy years ago we had no house insurance, life insurance, or other insurance companies, no pegged shoes, no sewing machines, no Yankee clocks, no gold watches, no metalic coffins, no patent clothes pins or clothes lines.

Seventy years ago we had no skates, no skating rinks, no agricultural fairs, no theatres, no masquerade balls, no false hair, and no artificial paints or cosmetics

Seventy years ago we had no oysters, ice creams, pound cakes, jelly cakes, canned fruits, tomatoes, cranberries, saleratus, soda, browned coffee, or crushed sugar.

Seventy years ago we had no impudent boys and girls that imagined they knew more about the world than their parents, teachers, or any body else.

WHAT WE HAD.

Seventy years ago there were pack-saddles, pack horses and by-ways over the mountains, over which salt, pig metal, and store goods, were packed.

Seventy years ago we had tinder boxes, flints, steel rasps, powder and tow with which we kindled fires.

Seventy years ago we had the flail, the sickle, the large wood fire, wooden forks, wooden plows, wooden wagons and sleds, and lots of hard work at grubbing, making rails, chopping, burning brush, and such like labor.

Seventy years ago we had two months' school per year in an old cabin, puncheon floors, long narrow windows, greased paper lights, high, round, wooden benches, and a roaring wood fire.

Seventy years ago we had pine-knots, dipped or mould tallow candles, iron lamps, with hog's lard and other contrivances for light.

Seventy years ago we had, for reading in, large prayer books, psalm books and bibles, printed in large type, so that old people could see to read without spectacles.

Seventy years ago we had tents for churches, preaching in the open woods, or in old round log cabins with slab seats and a board platform for a pulpit

Seventy years ago we had herb tea, rye coffee, home made sugar, mush and milk, rye bread, buttermilk and cheese, pork and mutton.

Seventy years ago we had fox-hunts, militia musters and reviews, apple butter boilings sometimes, raisings, rolling frolics, scutching frolics, chopping frolics, grubbing matches, and coon hunts.

Seventy years ago we carded the wool with hand cards, spun it on wheels, kicked it thick instead of fulling it, dyed it with barks and wore it in wamuses.

Seventy years ago we had linen shirts, linen dresses, tow cloth pants, linen sheets and pillow slips, linen table cloths, and home made garments to go to church in.

Seventy years ago we had water mills, or tread mills, and often we lived on hominy, or pounded the grain into meal, and cooked, or baked it in metal ovens over a wood fire.

Seventy years ago we had cabin houses, cabin barns, cabin stables, clapboard roofs, weight poles, trees and stumps, lots of hard work, frequent visits, plenty of strong, course food, and mannerly children.

Seventy years ago Ohio State was the backwoods, inhabited chiefly by Indians, as were all the other States and territories west of that region. Oh, dear! what seventy years have done! ROB ROY.

A FOIL TO NAST—There is a good deal of practical sense of "fighting the devil with fire," and we observe that some of the opponents of Grant and his administration are availing themselves of its full force. Hitherto the Radical party has had almost exclusive benefit of this ridicule and assault. The sketches of Nast, in HARPER'S WEEKLY, have assisted greatly to prop up Radicalism and divert public attention from the plundering and grievious outrages of that party. This, we are glad to know, is to be so no longer. Frank Leslie has engaged the talented caricaturist, Matt Morgan, to contribute regularly political sketches to LESLIE'S papers, and his barbed arrows are to be flung into the flanks of the administration bull for the amusement of the American public. The first page of the last BUDGET OF FUN is devoted to a genuine caricature of Grant's predominating characteristics. Between two savage bull terriers sits U. S. G. scratching his pate with perplexity at the smashing up of the political faction which elected him. The dog to the right with a rueful look into the master's face shows its sympathy. The other beats time to its master's thinking machinery with its hind paw. The picture is in entire keeping with the subject. One page is devoted to illustrating "consequential damages." In No. 1, Mrs. Coyle sues her recreant lover for the loss of a brown stone house which she might now own if her lover hadn't married somebody else. In No. 2 Miss Stuckup wants damages from her ma for pox marks which resulted from a failure to vaccinate her. No. 3 represents young America about to sue for consequential damages because he took physic and was detained at home, wherefore he missed his lessons and got whipped. No. 5 Mrs. Briggs sues Rev Chapin for preaching on the "Horrors of Hell" and thus frightening her husband so he won't take her to the opera. No. 6—Old maid, just married says: "Jeremiah is going to sue you for consequential damages. If you had married me sooner," &c. Leslie's papers are kept by all news dealers.

POCKET DICTIONARY.—We have received from the publishers, 138 and 140 Grand Street, a copy of Webster's Pocket Dictionary, which is a great improvement over all previous editions and all similar works. In the first place it is neatly printed, and bound in morocco, with gilt edges. Then it contains 200 pictorial illustrations, which give a much clearer idea of the meaning of many words than could possibly be conveyed by the usual definition. The little volume, while being no larger than an ordinary pocket book, embraces in its vocabulary a careful selection of over 18 000 of the most important words of the language, with definitions sufficiently clear, though necessarily brief, to meet the ordinary wants of any one requiring its use. Prefixed to the work are tables of money, weight and measures, abbreviations, words and phrases from foreign languages, rules for spelling, explanations, etc. It is in fact a most valuable little book, and is doubly worth the dollar it costs. The Publishers, Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 138 and 140 Grand Street, New York, will forward it by mail on receipt of ONE DOLLAR, or it can be bought at almost any book store.

A LEGEND.

In olden times the faithful loved to tell
Of wondrous things that ancient saints befell:
How that God often showed His deep, strong love
For some fair soul as guileless as the dove;
How in familiar tones the saint expressed
The love of God that burned within his breast.
Then how the Lord on saints His favors poured
And met mid-way the heart that to Him soared;
How graciously he heard His servants' prayer,
As if on them He centred all His care.
Though simple was the form, how deep, how true
The lessons that were thus exposed to view!
That Jacob's ladder, even yet, they teach
From earth below to heaven above doth reach,
On which the angels ever moving bear
Rare gifts from God, from men but humble prayer;
That even still the Lord with us remains,
For we help Him when soothing others' pains;
That he who clothes the poor man's shivering frame
Unto our loving Master doth the same;
To him who for the poor has open door
In after years God gives an endless store.
When men loved thus in simple dress to veil
Some noble truth, was heard my humble tale.

Beside a deep and tranquil stream there stands
A noble cloister famed through distant lands
In ages past. Now only ruins tell
The high estate from which it downwards fell,
For many storms against its towers have crashed,
Destructive bolts against its walls have dashed,
Since ruled therein the sainted Iodokus,
Of whom this legend has come down to us.
Whilst once at early morn the Abbot prayed,
A wandering beggar to the portals strayed;—
In trembling accents did he aid implore:
"But one small piece of bread, I ask no more."
He ceased. At once, as if by duty urged,
The holy Abbot from his cell emerged
And loudly called the bustling steward's name,
On which, obedient, forth the steward came.
"Give this poor man a portion of our bread
That he may live," the pitying Abbot said.
"We have but one small loaf—I know not where
Another we can get. How can we spare
A piece for him; enough there is not here
For you and me and trusty dog, I fear."
"Away from us such littleness should be,
From selfish fears a Christian true is free.
Unto the Lord, the righteous God, he lends
Who to the suffering poor prompt aid extends.
Then trustful give. Our life on God depends."
The steward took the loaf and slowly broke,
And thus unto the beggar sharply spoke:
"Here, take and eat, this is thy share.
Hard, indeed, God knows, it is to spare,
But *he* must be obeyed in every whim:
When he'll be hungry who will then help him?"
Away the beggar went; the steward sore
In three small pieces broke their little store.
"This is for you, my father, this for me,
And this third piece for our good dog will be."
These words the steward scarce had time to say
When at the gate another came to pray.
"O help me, Christians! Help me you who can;
Behold a homeless, famished fellow man.
But one small morsel of your bounty give,
Or else from hunger I will cease to live."
"Give him my piece, the pitying Abbot cried.
"And you?" the wondering steward quick replied.
"For me our loving Master will provide."
Ere long another sufferer did appear
Along whose pallid features coursed a tear;
So weak he was he scarce could stand alone—
His piteous prayer he made in feeble tone.
"Give him thy piece," the weeping Abbot cried,
"With willing heart, for this poor man provide,
The willing gift is never thrown away;
In His good time the Lord will all repay."
A moment passed, and then the steward's hand
Holds forth his piece, obedient to command.
The feeble man had staggered on his way,
With eager haste his hunger to allay.
But see! Here comes an aged man bent low
By years and woes. His painful steps are slow.
With pallid hands outstretched he feels his way;
His eyes are sightless—dark to him is day.
In every joint a torturing pang he feels,
As at each step a piercing cry reveals.
How deep his woe, how great his pain must be,
The tearful Abbot cannot fail to see.
"Dear Christian men, I pray you pity take;
Give help to me for your dear Saviour's sake.
Long is the journey, toilful is the way,
My strength is feeble, and my feet oft stray."
"Dear steward mine, make haste to give relief,
This poor man's sorrows fill my soul with grief.
Our trusty dog may well his portion give,
The Lord will feed him, as he made him live."
A thousand thanks the blind man mutters o'er
As to his hand the kindly steward bore
All that remained, and then pursues his way
In hopes to find such friends another day.
But list! what sounds are those that greet the ear,
So heavenly sweet, so distant, yet so near?
"Great is your faith—as great as it is rare;
But great is the reward that for you I prepare."
Thus speaks the voice of God, as open flies
The gate of heaven and to mortal eyes
Its joys entrancing for a moment sheds
On those good men that meekly bow their heads,
Whilst low they bow and voiceless thanks outpour.
Four boats come swiftly to the sloping shore.
No pilot guides, yet steady is their course
As through the crystal tide a path they force.
Along the shore they soon at anchor lie,
As swiftly does the steward to them fly.
He stands amazed! with glistening eye surveys
The fruits and bread and wine that each conveys;
Then reads these golden words on pennants white:
"Thus does the poor man his true friends requite;
Four times He begged and four times was relieved.
A boat He gives for every gift received.
Unto the Abbot one he sends, and two
Are for the steward and his dog so true;
The fourth the giver for the poor intends,
The suffering poor—His well beloved friends."

TEN REASONS why the Domestic is the BEST MACHINE IN THE WORLD:

1st. Because no machine has so few parts.

2d. Because no other machine will do such a great range of work.

3d. No other lock stitch machine was ever made to run as light and quiet.

4th. No other family machine will sew fifty thicknesses of dressed muslin.

5th. No other machine will run cotton as fine as No. 200, successfully.

6th. The only machine whose movable parts (needle, bar, shuttle, feed, etc.,) are so hard that a file won't cut them.

7th. The only machine which can't be put out of "time"—that is, put together wrong if taken entirely to pieces.

8th. The Space under the arm is more than twice as great as that of any other machine.

9th. It is the easiest to thread, and has the best tensions, of any machine yet invented.

10th. It can't be made to miss or skip stitches.

R. W. Steadman & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., are General Agents.

AN IMPOSER.—The height of a tree in latitude 41 north and longitude 2 degrees west from Washington is 90 feet; what is the length of its shadow at noon on said meridian, on the 15th day of October, 1872. Answer next week. By that time Harry Mayer will have sold out and sent off ten thousand dollars' worth of the cheapest made-up men's and boys' clothing that the present generation ever heard of.—Harry keeps at No. 214 Main street, Johnstown. Inquire for M. H. Mayer's Clothing Store, or the store where you get good bargains. All the same. Buy an overcoat now—the best time.

A POSER.—The height of a tree, diminished by 20 feet, is 60 feet, which is five-sevenths of its shadow; what is the length of the shadow?—Answer, 112 feet. But it matters very little what the height of the tree is so long as John J. Murphy sells dry goods and dress goods for less than cost and carriage, at the cheap corner, commonly called the "Mansion House Corner," Johnstown. To lose one's life would be a great misfortune, but to lose John J. Murphy's cheap bargains in dry goods would be a calamity no one could get over very easily in this world.

LUMBER.—The height of a tree is 60 feet, the diameter 3 feet, and as straight as a sunbeam; how many feet of boards would its shadow produce? Answer, dubious. But Butler & Aldendifer, Mayer's old stand, No. 212 Main street, Johnstown, are attracting an immense custom at their dry goods store, owing to their elegant stock, new styles, and low prices. This firm keep everything in the way of fancy and dress goods that ladies need. Be sure to give them a call. Remember the place, see the splendid big sign, and don't forget to buy something.

A PUZZLER.—The height of a tree in latitude 41 north and longitude 2 degrees west from Washington is 60 feet, what is the length of its shadow, made by the moon, when on said meridian, the 15th night of October, 1872? Answer next eclipse. It is a puzzler to know how S. J. Hess & Co. can eclipse everybody selling cheap clothing at No. 241 Main street, Johnstown.—Their stock is immense and their sales are immenser. That is how they can afford to sell so wonderfully cheap. The best of cloth and the best of sewing and the best of styles.

OH LARD!—Chicago slaughtered swine numbering 1,075,167. The imagination loses itself in the sublime contemplation of these cords of ham, acres of chops, miles of sausages and leagues of trachina, and turns with pleasure to the contemplation of a more congenial subject—the number of sacks and barrels of superior flour sold by E. J. Mills and the stacks of good bread, cakes and pies which follow as a matter of course. The best of flour at lowest prices.

HAIN'T IT?—When a woman can faint, and has a capital opportunity for fainting, and yet doesn't faint, you may be sure she has some other feint in view. And when a man needs hardware, tinware, stoves, farm implements, or other useful articles, and has the capital opportunity which is presented him every day of buying the same at Geo. Huntley's, and doesn't do it, he must be a regular built Bologna sausage—or words to that effect.

The Celtic Weekly.—Such is the title of a new story paper just to hand. It contains no less than *seven* original serials, besides finished stories, humorous sketches, poetry and a host of excellent reading. There are no advertisements The *Celtic Weekly* is illustrated, and from the evidence of the first number we are inclined to the belief that the paper will be eminently successful. The price is six cents.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING!—*Great Reduction of Stock and Prices.*—Being determined to reduce our assortment to the lowest possible point before TAKING STOCK, we have gone over all our goods and MARKED DOWN THE PRICES to figures that are bound to sell them. Many articles have been reduced to cost, and others below cost.

Have a very handsome line of Double and Single Shawls; also, Paisley, Broche and Thibet Shawls—all of which must be sold, even at a sacrifice.

A large stock of White and Colored Blankets, Bradie's and other makes of Barred Flannels, Cassimeres, Dress Goods, Silks, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins, Calicoes, Furnishing and Millinery Goods, and other merchandise in great variety—all bought this season and now selling at Panic Prices at

GEIS & FOSTER'S
Popular Dry Goods Store, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address

11-11.-1y. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
264 South Third St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

WAR WITH ENGLAND will not raise the prices of Geis & Ruth's beautiful, bright, rich and rare patterns of gilt Wall Papers, as they purchase all their stock for cash. They have paid more for their huge assortment of elegant Paper Hangings than England will ever pay for the Alabama claims. Call and see Geis & Ruth, on Clinton street, Johnstown, and take with you a little money, and in coming away don't fail to bear with you a bountiful supply of fancy wall papers, beautiful books, pretty pictures, flashy frames, or other articles from among the lots of nice things there to be had cheap.

WELL KNOWN FACTS.—It never was a very private affair, nor was ever any effort made to conceal the fact, that drugs, medicines, perfumeries, toilet articles, books, stationery, jewelry, fancy goods, cigars, tobacco, etc., are kept in great profusion and offered for sale every day in the year at the popular and well patronized Drug Store of Messrs. Lemmon & Murray, High street, Ebensburg. Instead of these facts being a secret, they are well known to all, and everybody needing any of the goods sold by the firm named will do well to give them a call.

OPPOSITION.—The height of a tree is 60 feet, diminished by 20 feet, which is five-sevenths of its shadow; what is the length of the shadow? Answer, 56 feet. But L. Cohen has no opposition in selling the cheapest hats and caps ever was. He is now selling furs for almost nothing and giving a present into the bargain. Mr. C. absolutely sells cheap at No. 227 Main st., Johnstown. Those who know him need not be told this, but these lines may meet the eyes of some who do not know how cheap he does sell.

A QUESTION.—The height of a tree is 60 feet, five-sevenths of its shadow diminished by 20 feet; what is the length of the shadow? Answer next week. But there is no doubt about James J. Murphy selling the cheapest made-up clothing in Johnstown. Call at No. 109 Clinton street and make yourself look comfortable and feel comfortable by purchasing an entire suit of James J. Murphy's ready-made. Star of the sign! Boys' ready made. Overcoats as cheap as maple sugar at 6 cts. a pound. See to this.

SINGULAR.—A piece of wood was taken from the arm of a man in Williamsport, the other day, which had been imbedded between the bones of the wrist for fifteen years. Another piece remains in his arm, too firmly fastened to be removed. The connection between this announcement and the fact that V. S. Barker is selling off his elegant stock of winter goods *at cost*, may not be very apparent, but we assure our readers that the latter statement is *true*.

OBITUARY.

McDUNN.—Died, at her residence in Summerhill township, this county, on Friday morning, March 8th, after a painful illness of five days, Mrs. MARY McDUNN, wife of Mr. Patrick McDunn, sr., in the 67th year of her age.

Mrs. McDunn was born in the county Westmeath, Ireland, in the year 1805, emigrated to this country in 1826, and had resided in Cambria county for upwards of thirty years. She was a good, exemplary Christian, a faithful wife, loving mother, kind friend, and a most excellent neighbor. In truth might it be said of her: "None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise." In her last moments she was fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church, of which she had ever been a consistent member. She died full of years and at peace with God and the world, leaving behind her a large and respectable family, now scattered throughout several States of the Union, and whose descendants are only to be numbered by the score. On Sunday last the mortal remains of the deceased were escorted to their last resting place by an immense concourse of relatives and friends, the last ceremonies were performed, and the cold earth now covers the rigid form of as worthy a woman as ever closed her eyes in the sleep of death. May her immortal spirit find rest and peace eternal. J. M'C.

JERVIS—Died, in Cambria township, on Wednesday evening, 6th inst., of scarlet fever, Mrs. Phœbe Jervis, wife of Thos. Jervis, aged about 30 years.

The deceased has left a husband and three little children to mourn their bereavement, but while their loss is irreparable, we trust their loss is her eternal gain. She died a triumphant and peaceful death, and there is every reason for believing that she is now in the enjoyment of that endless peace which is reserved for the people of God.

"Smiles of exultant beauty
Stole o'er her pallid face,
And we knew that she had conquered
Through Jesus' precious grace.
One farewell kiss she sighed for—
One sigh upheaved her breast—
One parting glance to loved ones—
And then she was at rest." A. M. W.

DAVIS—Died, in this place, on Tuesday last, Mr. David R. Davis, a native of Montgomeryshire, North Wales, in the 88th year of his age. The deceased was for twenty-five years a peaceable and respected citizen of Ebensburg.

HETZINGER—Died, in Johnstown, on Thursday last, Bertha, aged 11 months, and on Friday, Rose, aged about two years, daughters of Philip and Jane Hetzinger.

HUMPHREYS—Died, in Cambria township, March 4th, of scarlet fever, Thomas, son of Wm. and Ann Humphreys, aged about 5 years.

CROOK—Died, in Altoona, on 26th ult., of typhoid fever, Mr. Jacob Crook, jr., eldest son of Jacob Crook, sr., aged 23 years and 5 months.

PIRCHER—Died, in Hollidaysburg, on Friday morning, March 1st, Mr. Jacob Pircher, aged 60 years, 7 months and 26 days.

McKENZIE—Died, in Strongstown, Indiana county, on the 3d inst., Miss Margaret McKenzie, aged 74 years.

IVORY—Died, in Allegheny township, on Friday last, Mrs. Ellen Ivory, aged about 75 years.

EASTMAN—Died, in Jackson township, on the 3d inst., Mr. Seth Eastman, aged about 40 years.

WALTERS—Died, in Chest Springs, on Friday last, Mr. Daniel Walters, aged 70 years.

NOTICE.—The annual election of a Board of Trustees of the Ebensburg Academy will be held at the Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, on the 1st day of April next, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock, P. M.

JNO. E. SCANLAN, Secretary.
Ebensburg, March 16, 1872.-3t.

LORETTO CIGAR MANUFACTORY.—Having purchased the interest of D. J. Kelly in the above establishment, the subscriber will hereafter conduct the business on his own account. Excellent brands of CIGARS, as dry as a toper on the morning after a big spree, will be constantly kept on hand, ready for delivery. A continuance and increase of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

B. KELLY.
Loretto, March 16, 1872.-3t.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that I have purchased at Sheriff's sale the following described property, which I have left in the possession of Peter Dunn, of Washington township, during my pleasure:—1 Mowing Machine, 1 Wagon, 1 Saddle, 1 set of Harness, a lot of Peeled Timber in the woods, and 1 Lumber Truck. Any interference with said property will be legally punished.

JOHN O'HARA.
Munster Twp., March 16, 1872.-3t.*

CAUTION.—This is to caution every person against meddling or otherwise interfering with the following property, which I have bought from Wm. A. Bagley and have left with him until called for by me: 1 Bay Horse about 11 years old, 1 Sorrel Horse about same age, 1 Red Cow, 1 Red and White Cow, 1 White Steer, 1 Brindle Steer, 1 White Steer, (each two years old,) 1 Cultivator, 1 pair Twin Sleds, 2 sets Harness, 2 Plows, and 1 Harrow.

JOSEPH LANTZY.
Carrolltown, March 16, 1872.-3t.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEW WORK,

OUR CHILDREN:
—OR—
How to Make and Keep Them Healthy.
BY AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, M. D.,
Late Professor in New York Medical College.

It treats of Amusements, Education, Physical Developments, Diseases, Accidents, Marriages, &c., imparting a vast amount of valuable information conducive to the Health, Happiness and Welfare of the Young. Written in a pleasing style, it is exceedingly interesting, as well as instructive.

Every Family should have it, and no Parent can afford to be without it. Send for Circulars giving full particulars.

DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher,
[3-16.] 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

THE BICKFORD
FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE
The Neatest, the Best, and the Cheapest.
NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.
Knits Everything. Price 25 Dollars.

Persons desirous of purchasing Machines can get circulars and information, and have their Machines sent free of charge on receipt of price, by applying to

JAMES McBRIDE, Ag't for Western Penn'a.
No. 1 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Enterprising Agents wanted in every County, to whom liberal terms will be given. [3-16-1m.]

TO BOOK AGENTS:
Mark Twain's New Book.
ROUGHING IT:

Is ready for Canvassers. No book is looked for more impatiently than this, and agents will do well to get territory for it as early as possible. Apply for Circulars and terms to

DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher,
[3-16.] 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

PICKERSELL, LYONS & CO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
LOOKING GLASSES

Fine Mantel and Pier Looking Glasses and Picture Frames a specialty.

3-16. **141 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa** 3m.

M. B. COCHRAN,
PITTSBURGH, PA.,

Dealer in Iron and Wood Working Machinery and Manufacturers' Supplies; has constantly on hand a complete stock of Smith's Sash and Door Machinery, Judson Governors, Taps and Dies, Emery Wheels, Belting, Packing, &c. WOODWORTH'S PLANERS a specialty. Send for Circulars and Prices. [3 9.-3m.]

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the manufacture of Sawed Shingles, was dissolved by mutual consent, on Feb. 24th, 1872. The books and accounts have been left in the hands of Messrs. Brumbaugh & Fogle, by whom the business will hereafter be conducted.

STEPHEN CONRAD.
JOHN BRUMBAUGH,
JOSEPH FOGLE.
Chest Springs, March 9, 1872.-3t.*

CHERRY LUMBER!—WANTED, a quantity of 4 by 4 inch SCANTLING, and also one (1) inch BOARDS, 14 to 20 inches wide, delivered at this place. Said Cherry to be 10, 12, 14 or 16 feet long, free of heart, bad corners or bark. All good Lumber.

Persons offering will state price, how dry the Lumber is, and how soon and what quantities they can furnish. Address

W. O. HICKOK,
EAGLE WORKS,
March 9, 1872.-4t. Harrisburg, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE!—There will be sold at public vendue or outcry, on the premises in Munster township, on **Saturday, Mar. 23d,** inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., the following property, to wit: A CERTAIN PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in the township aforesaid, adjoining lands of Geo. Kearns, Nicholas Freidhof, Patrick Counery, John Carney, and others, containing **106 Acres**, or thereabouts, some **60 Acres** of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story FRAME HOUSE and a LOG BARN.

Terms of Sale—One-third the purchase money to be paid at time of sale, and the balance in three equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser. PATRICK CASSIDY.

Munster Twp., March 9, 1872.-2t.

ALSO, at the same time and place, will be offered for sale, 3 FRESH MILCH COWS, 5 head YOUNG CATTLE, 1 MARE, 1 one-horse ROAD WAGON, 1 SPRING WAGON, and various other articles not necessary to mention. Terms made known at sale. A reasonable credit will be allowed. PATRICK CASSIDY.

NOW IS THE TIME!
WANTED
Good Reliable Agents,
TO SELL THE
NEW UNDER FEED
WILSON
SEWING MACHINE!

in THIS COUNTY. Best Machine in the World. Best Selling Machine in Market. Price, complete, $45.00. Written warrantee for five years. Apply immediately to

SMITH & FORRESTER,
[3-2.-3m.] 14 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa

FINE FARM AND SUMMER RESORT FOR RENT.—The well known and admirably located property owned and occupied by the undersigned, situated in Washington township, Cambria county, on the Turnpike, one mile west of Cresson, is offered for rent on reasonable terms. The Farm and Buildings are in excellent condition, the property being in every way suited to the accommodation of city visitors during the summer months, for which purpose it is now used. Mrs. ALICE SMYTH.

Cresson, Feb. 3, 1872.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—
Estate of RICHARD THOMAS, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Rich'd Thomas, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

W. H. SECHLER, Executor.
Ebensburg, Feb. 17, 1872.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—
Estate of PATRICK MALOY, dec'd.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of Patrick Maloy, late of Ebensburg, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Cambria county. Those indebted to said estate will please make payment immediately, and parties having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET GURLEY.
Ebensburg, March 2, 1872.-6t.

EBENSBURG
WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles, STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

Profitable Employment

For one or two persons of either sex, in every town in the United States, by which they may realize from $300 to $1,000 per year, with but little interference with ordinary occupation. If the whole time is devoted a much larger sum will be realized. Boys and girls can make nearly as much as grown people. Some making from $7 to $15 per week. For particulars, address J. J. FARDELL & CO., 767 Broadway, N. Y.

GEO. W. OATMAN.........J. GALLITZIN LAKE.
OATMAN & LAKE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Prompt attention given to CLAIMS of all kind in Cambria county, and throughout the United States and Canadas. [Feb. 10.-1y.*]

WM. H. SECHLER, Ebensburg. T. R. SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
SECHLER & SCANLAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Advice given in English and German.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law,* Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.........GEO. A. BERRY.
SHOEMAKER & BERRY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
March 11, 1871. *EBENSBURG, PA.*

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law,* Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE
ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

Principal Office 101 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.
The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country.

$100,000.00
IN VALUABLE GIFTS!
TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN
L. D. SINE'S
37th SEMI-ANNUAL
Gift Enterprise!
To be drawn Monday, March 25th, 1872.
One Grand Capital Prize of
$10,000 IN GOLD!
ONE PRIZE $5,000 IN SILVER!
Five Prizes $1,000 } Each GREENBACKS.
Five Prizes $500 }
Ten Prizes $100 }

Two Family Carriages and Matched Horses with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $1,500.
Two Horses & Buggies, with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $600 each.
TWO Fine-Toned Rosewood Pianos, worth $500 each.
TEN FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, WORTH $100 EACH!
1500 *Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from $20 to $300 each!*

Ladies' Gold Leontine and Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.

Whole number Gifts, 10,000. Tickets Limited to 50,000!

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.

SINGLE TICKETS $2; SIX TICKETS $10; TWELVE TICKETS $20; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $40.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

OFFICE, L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. 5th St., CINCINNATI, O.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS!
Are requested to read the following list of
SPECIAL PRICES
in our Wholesale Department, and order accordingly.

4-4 Penn Mill No. 1 Sheeting,		13½ cts.
4-4 Anchor No. 1	"	13½ "
4-4 Heavy Standard	"	11½ "
4-4 Imperial	"	10½ "
4-4 Avondale	"	9¾ "
4-4 Red Bank, Bleached,		11½ "
4-4 Carrolton	"	11½ "
4-4 Vaughan	"	11½ "
4-4 Hope	"	13½ "
4-4 Congress	"	12½ "
4-4 Peabody	"	13½ "

Lancaster Ginghams,
The Best and Choicest Styles, at 13½ cts.

Good American Ginghams, 10 Cents.
Heavy Domestic " 11½ "

American, Cocheco, Merrimac, Dunnel, Sprague, Pacific, Simpson's, Hartel's & Allen's Prints. Splendid Styles at Agent's Prices.

A large and well selected Stock of
CASSIMERES AND DRESS GOODS
At less than jobbers' prices, and goods cut in lengths to suit purchasers.

☞ Goods are rapidly advancing, and the above are PRESENT PRICES ONLY.

A. W. Erwin & Co.,
172 and 174 Federal St.
ALLEGHENY, PA.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND
GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS
FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS
IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH
OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will not only secure but retain for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

MYERS & LLOYD.
Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS.
PRICES REDUCED!
And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.

Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

F. P. TIERNEY.........JAMES F. NULL.
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

C. W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 108 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa , two doors North of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of legal business that may be entrusted to him.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [2-2ne].]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, Cigars, Tobacco, Notions, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House, Ebensburg, Pa. [April 17, 1868.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

A PIG THAT PLAYS POKER.

The Almost Incredible Performances of Wicked Ben.

Since his misfortune in the great Chicago fire the veteran showman, Col. Wood, has spent his time exclusively in perfecting the wonderful collection of curiosities in his Museum in Philadelphia. The Colonel's latest addition is "Wicked Ben," the most remarkable pig that ever wore a bristle.

Ben can do anything. He is a lightning calculator, and by means of numbered cards can show the result in any ordinary arithmetical problem. He can also tell the time of day by looking at a watch, and if two watches which do not agree are placed before him, Ben can tell the difference to a second. Gold-faced watches Ben knows nothing about. All watches shown him must have white faces, and be held very close to his eye.

The pig is nearly two years old, and from his earliest infancy has shown a remarkable aptitude for acquiring knowledge. In size he is like other half grown pigs, weighing perhaps 80 or 90 pounds. He has a keen gray eye, which twinkles roguishly whenever he sees astonishment depicted on the faces of the spectators who daily crowd around the raised platform upon which Col. Wood exhibits him.

A PIG THAT PLAYS POKER.

Ben's principal accomplishment, the one in which he is the most nearly perfect, is that of playing poker. He can clean out an ordinary poker player any time. Terry Farley would stand no chance at all, and as for Harry Genet, Ben wouldn't even leave him the corner stone of the Harlem Court House. How the pig has ever been taught this somewhat intricate game is a mystery to every one. His understanding of it is wonderful. Not long ago, among a party of ladies and gentlemen who had called to see Ben and his wonderful performances, was Mr. John E. Speaightts, a New York importer of liquors Mr. Speaightts was astonished at Ben's watch trick, his arithmetical feats, and other minor tricks, and was about to turn away when the pig's keeper said:

"If you'd like to try him a game of bluff, sir, he kin play."

Mr. Speaightts looked at the keeper indignantly. He evidently thought he was poking fun.

"Fact, sir," said the keeper, "he kin play him."

Mr. Speaightts hesitated. The ladies here crowded around. "Oh, do, Mr. Speaightts try him a game. Do, that's a good fellow. We want to see the fun."

MR. SPEAIGHTTS PLAYS THE PIG.

Mr. Speaightts assented. The keeper brought out a pack of cards, a little rack like a bill file, and $5 in ten-cent fractional notes The cards he gave to Mr. Speaightts, the little rack he set up in front of the pig, and the ten-cent notes he laid down at Ben's right. The pig then sat down on his haunches and waited for Mr. Speaightts to deal the cards. Before doing so that gentleman went down into his breeches pocket and fished out some money. He then shuffled the cards and began to deal.

While the cards were going around the pig picked up a ten-cent note, and dropped it on the platform in front of Mr. Spreaightts, at the same time intelligently looking that gentleman in the face. Mr. Spreaightts ante'd without further delay. After the deal the keeper picked up the pig's cards, and arranged them in the little rack before him. He then stepped back. The game played by Ben is "straight poker," "draw poker" being beyond his comprehension. It was the pig's "edge." He looked at Mr. Speaightts. Mr. Speaightts chipped. The pig picked up between his toes two ten-cent notes and laid them in the spot. He had raised Mr. Speaightts ten cents. The gentleman at once covered the bet, and raised it twenty cents. The pig picked up two more notes, dropped them in the pot, and gave a grunt.

"He calls you, sir," said the keeper.

THE PIG WINS.

Mr. Speaightts became terribly excited. He laid down his hand, showing two jacks, a queen, an eight spot, and the ace of diamonds. The pig looked at the hand, and at once came from behind the rack and with his foot kicked the money over toward his own pile.

"Hold on," said Mr. Speaightts, and he looked toward the keeper.

"He's got it, sir—three deuces, a jack and a ten spot. You dealt 'em yourself, sir," and with this the keeper showed the pig's hand.

Mr. Speaightts had lost forty cents. The ladies fairly yelled with delight, and Mr Speaightts blushed to the very roots of his hair. It suddenly occurred to him that he had business on Chestnut street, but the ladies evidently thought this story too thin.

"No, no, Mr. Speaightts. Just one more game; that's a dear good fellow. Oh, do!" they all cried.

Mr. Speaightts picked up the cards and began to shuffle them. As he did so the pig gave a grunt and shook his head.

"Taint your deal, sir," said the keeper.

"Oh!" said Mr. Speaightts.

"I'll have to shuffle the cards, but he can deal 'em, he can," continued the keeper. With this he gave the cards a shuffle and placed them before Ben. The pig

SHOVED ONE OFF WITH HIS NOSE

toward Mr. Speaightts and another toward himself, and so on to the close of the deal. He then resumed his place, having first dropped a ten cent fractional note as an antie. The keeper picked up the hand, and arranged it in the rack. It was Mr. Speaightts' edge. That gentleman held his cards in his hand, and looked with interest to see what the pig would do. The pig looked at the cards on the rack, and then at his pile of fractional notes. Both anties were up. The pig picked up two ten-cent notes between his toes, and dropped them in the pot. He had bet twenty cents on his hand. The keeper, who stood behind the pig, looked wise, and it was noticed that he touched the pig on the rump. The pig shook his head.

Mr. Speaightts interpreted the keeper's telegraph as an indication that the pig had made a blunder. So he promptly saw the pig's bet and raised it five ten-cent notes. The pig looked puzzled. He was evidently nonplussed. He went to a pile of numbered blocks a few feet off and rubbed his nose among them.

"He don't understand yer bet," said the keeper. "Either count the stamps one by one or else turn up the No. 5 block so he can see it and know how much you bet."

Mr. Speaightts counted the stamps one by one, and distinctly called "Fifty cents."—The pig looked at the pile of stamps and then at his hand. He shook his head, and began nosing among the pile of stamps and looking wistfully at the keeper.

THE PIG WANTS TO RAISE THE BET.

"He wants to raise your bet, but he can't count out stamps enough. I'll give him some bigger money," said the keeper, and with this he threw a dollar note and a two-dollar note on the floor. The pig picked up the dollar note and laid it in the pot. Mr. Speaightts' bet was seen and raised a half dollar. With a face filled with determination, he went down into his breeches and fished up a two-dollar note. This he put into the pot, drawing out the pig's dollar, the pig watching him closely, but seeming to understand it.

"See the bet and raise it half a dollar," said he. The pig picked up the two-dollar note and put it in the pot. Mr. Speightts looked at him.

"He hain't got no change, so he raises you a dollar and a half," said the keeper.

Mr. Speaightts having no more change, borrowed three fifty cent notes and put them into the pot. "I call," said he. The pig looked toward the keeper, who advanced and taking the cards from the rack displayed them to the astonished Mr. Speaightts.

THE PIG WINS AGAIN.

There were three tens, an ace, and a queen. Mr. Speaightts shows up on a pair of fives, a pair of jacks, and a nine spot. As soon as the pig saw Mr. Speaightts's hand he kicked the money over to his own pile with a lively grunt of satisfaction. Mr. Speaightts had lost $3 60 and thought that was enough for the day. So he refused to play any more then.

Next day, however, he was induced to try it again, and the pig cleaned him out of $6.50 by bluffing him as the keeper afterward proved by showing his hand.

Ben is truly a wonderful pig. He not only plays poker, but is a lively hand at euchre, having beaten the Hon. R R. Milton of Camden three games out of five one afternoon. He knows the bowers and their relative value according to trump as well as the most skillful player, and can take in as many tricks as any one.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Sewing Machine Agents
WANTED,
TO SELL THE
"DOMESTIC"

The *Domestic* is not a new machine, but has been sold, in a small way, for some six yrs., during which time the most skilled inventors have labored to simplify and improve, until to-day it is so far ahead of all others as to defy competition.

It has but sixty pieces, counting every part of Machine and stand, while the Howe Machine contains 244. This will give an idea of its simplicity. It will do work, fine and coarse, that no other machine will attempt, from the finest gossamer to FIFTY thicknesses of dressed muslin; it will sew without change of needle, thread or tension. All movable parts are made of hardened steel and burnished bearings.

IT MAKES NO NOISE WHATEVER,

and the proprietors hereby offer

A Reward of One Hundred Dollars for any other Lock Stitch Machine that will run as light.

The shuttle is a cylinder, without a rivet or spring; can be filled by a blind person, and holds one hundred yards of cotton!

We claim it, and can show, a list of fifty points of superiority over any machine in the market.

To experienced agents the most liberal inducements will be offered. Machines consigned and commissions paid in full, in cash, at the end of each month. A handsome wagon, worth $250.00, furnished without charge, and sufficient time given to purchasers to enable the agent to compete with any Company in the State.

R. W. STEADMAN & CO.,
No. 29 Sixth Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Agents Wanted
—FOR THE—
FLORENCE
Sewing Machine.

Wherever the FLORENCE Machine has been introduced, it has met with the greatest success. It is the only machine making four different stitches and having the Reversible Feed. The machinery is perfect, and the motions positive. It runs light, and very fast, and sews coarse or fine fabrics. The Hemmer will turn wide or narrow hems, and fells beautifully. All attachments go with the machine.

For information apply to or address

HECKERT & McKAIN,
No. 8 Sixth Street,
March 2, 1872.-sm. *PITTSBURGH.*

THE IMPROVED ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.

WITH THE

NEW DRAW FEED,

Has just been received, and is now the BEST FAMILY MACHINE in the market. It makes the **Lock Stitch, is Simple, Noiseless, Easily Operated,** and very effective. We want GOOD SEWING MACHINE AGENTS in all unoccupied territory, to whom we will give the MOST LIBERAL TERMS. The *ELLIPTIC* is the EASIEST MACHINE TO SELL in the market.

HOWARD EATON & CO.
General Agents,
17 FIFTH AVENUE,
Feb. 24, 1872.-3m. PITTSBURGH

M. WHITMORE, C. H. WOLFF, THOS. H. LANE, CHAS. T. NEALE. JNO. D. CHERRY.

WHITMORE, WOLFF, LANE & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
HARDWARE,
Sign of the Anvil, No. 50 Wood St.,
(Three doors above St. Charles Hotel,)
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Invite the attention of buyers to their Spring Stock, which, in selection and price, is unsurpassed in the country.

They are Agents for American File Company's celebrated **Files** and **Rasps, Rubber Belting** and **Packing. Wilson, Hawksworth, Ellison & Co.'s English Steel, Pittsburgh Steel, Locks, Shovels, &c.**—Sold at manufacturers' prices. [2-24.-3m.]

T. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.
JAMES CASEY............T. C. FOGARTY.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,
AND ALL KINDS OF
DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,
No. 315 Liberty Street.
Dec. 16, 1871.-3m. *PITTSBURGH, PA.*

PIANOS, $300. ORGANS, $45.

No one should be without **Piano** or **Organ,** when, by saving **$3** or **$5** per week, you can buy such instruments as *Decker & Barnes'* unrivaled Pianos, *Hallet, Davis & Co.'s* and *Bradford & Co.'s* Pianos, and the unequaled *Taylor & Farley Celestes Organs.* Old instruments taken in part payment for new ones. *Monthly payments taken.* Special rates to *Preachers, Churches, S. Schools* and *Teachers.* Send for circular or call on S. HAMILTON & CO., 51 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Feb. 24, 1872.-1m.

AGENTS WANTED.

Wanted Immediately, four active, energetic men, to act as Agents for the

"NEW" Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine

in THIS COUNTY. Only such men as can give good reference as to character and ability, and furnish a BOND, need apply. We will pay GUARANTEED SALARIES, or LIBERAL commissions, to PROPER MEN. Only such men as *really desire* to enter the ...need apply. WM SUMNER

1872. WINTER. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE,
EITHER AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of **Tin, Sheet-Iron,** COPPER AND BRASS WARES, ENAMELLED AND PLAIN **SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c.,** COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES.
NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES,

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS
of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to
Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,
at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.
Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
TO CASH CUSTOMERS!
AT THE EBENSBURG
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating-Stoves,* of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pear Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash.* A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HEATING AND COOK STOVES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,
And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING
and all other work in his line.
Virginia Street, near Caroline Street,
ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR
UNDERSTANDINGS!
BOOTS AND SHOES
For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

THOMAS CARLAND,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE.
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,
STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,
FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,
BACON, FLOUR,
FEED AND PROVISIONS,
1323 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.
COOKING STOVES,
HEATING STOVES.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870. tf.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM............JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,
—DEALERS IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
Nos. 150 and 152 Clinton Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat hair s,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Geis & Foster,
Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street.
Johnstown, Pa.

invite the attention of buyers to their large and elegant stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
CONSISTING OF
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,
CARPETS, OIL OIL CLOTHS, &c.,
AT EVERY PRICE!

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

NATURE'S
HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK.
PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,* and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-1y.]

Dr. Crook's
WINE
OF
TAR
Established
1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you let prejudice prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all
Asthma.—The relief and cure of it are marvelous.
Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure
Throat Ailments require only a few doses.
Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable
Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.
Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ
Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.
Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.
Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any "ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Prepared only by
OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

EXCURSION TICKET!

GOOD FOR NINETY DAYS.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
EBENSBURG TO SAN FRANCISCO,
AND RETURN.

☞ The person holding this Ticket is entitled to one First-class passage, on foot or horseback, to San Francisco and return, provided said person's Photograph is first taken at

SPENCE'S GALLERY,
HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

EXCURSION TICKET!

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
4 CLINTON 0 STREET 4
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as *AUCTIONEER* in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of Auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. *Terms moderate.* Inquire at No. 100 High Street. *M. L. OATMAN,*

Ebensburg, April 22, 1871.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

MUSIC! MUSIC!!—The "SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH" will be prepared to give Lessons on the PIANO MELODEON or CABINET ORGAN at any time after Easter.

☞ For terms apply to the Superioress, Sister M. HORTENSE, or to Rev. R. C. CHRISTY Charges moderate.

Ebensburg, April 1, 1871.--tf.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest or upon time with interest at fair rates.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in the rear of J. Buck & Co.'s store, and residence (where night calls can be made) one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1871.]

W. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.,

Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above place and vicinity who may at any time need Medical aid. [apr.21.-tf.]

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills,* and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite,** they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers,** they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa,** but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins,** they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings,** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression,** a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill,* take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

HALL'S

VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR
RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.
Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation;* which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.,
NASHUA, N.H.

EBENSBURG
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

Aug 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Altoona, Pa.,
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

LEMMON & PLANK,
Practising Physicians,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Office in rear of Lemmon & Murray's Drug and Book Store, High street. [jul27-6m.]

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Centre st.

A CITY BOY'S LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.—*Dear Jimmy:* Ask your mother to bring you up here right off. It's gay.—There's fishing here, and lots of worms to catch 'em with. You stick your hook in them and they wriggle bully. Fishin's funnier when you don't catch the hook in the seat of your pantaloons, so you can't sit down, and can't fish all the way home. I did the other day, and Mr. Jenkyns, Cousin Laura's beau, ask't me if I was a sole or a heel. Suppose he thought he was going to be funny, but I didn't see it. Bimeby, I saw him cut a piece out of Cousin Laura's hair where her hook caught and kiss it like a great baby, and put it in his pocket. So I told on 'em at tea and every body laft. They have cows here, and I go to see them milked. They don't pump it out with their tails, like you and me thought they did, but they squeeze it out of a bag that comes on purpose, I suppose. I milked the other night. It was very hard to squeeze, and it would not go into the pail. Some went into my eyes, and the rest went up my sleeve. I don't like milking I don't like turkey cocks neither. They ruffle themselves up and run at you. They are a pherocious bird, and disagreeable to live with.—Chickens are nicer. We eat 'em. They put them under a "barrill" at night, and Will and I kill them in the morning. We have bully fun wringing their necks. You'd better come here right off, and bring a shot gun, for there are bears here—anyhow we say a fox—and candy, because we can't get any here, and a popgun, and some bows and arrows and things. Perhaps we can't shoot a deer. I think Mr Jenkyns is a blamed fool. He made me believe he found a deer's track the other day, and I looked at it; it was only the mark of Cousin Laura's boot I don't see what makes him so happy about girls. We won't, will we? I would be ashamed. I am going to ride old Sam to-morrow. He's a horse! You ride him bare back, and it's very hard to stick on, he feels so squirmy. Give my love to all the boys, and tell them I am having a bully time and hate old Jenkyns. No more at present from

Yours, truly, ROBBIE.

◆

NORTH POLE PHENOMENA.—Concerning the north end of the polar axis of the earth and its surroundings men of science continue to be perplexed and anxious—They seem to think that although it is a most inhospitable tract, and good for nothing to live in, yet it will turn out very rich and productive in the materials for scientific discovery. Captain Markham says there is an immense region, more than 15,000 miles across and embracing upwards of 2,000,000 square miles, which greatly needs to be "done" by scientific explorers. The first active voyager was Wm. Barents, who made his attack in 1594; so that it is nearly three hundred years since he discovered all we know of the Spitzbergen seas; discovered the impenetrable polar pack; that the young ice formed in the early autumn; and that winds and currents caused open water even in winter. The polar pack has never been penetrated, as it consists of vast fields of thick-ribbed ice; though whalers annually sail through streams of lighter floes until they reach its edge. According to the season and the meridan, it is met with at different parallels from 75 deg to 80 deg. 5 min. In 1866 Capt. Scoresby encountered it between 81 deg. and 82 deg., and sailed three hundred miles along its high and wall-like edge. It is interesting to note that, as miners digging in the earth in quest of metals and minerals for purposes of commerce and utility have been the pioneers in mineralogical and geological science, that is, have furnished the raw material of facts for thinkers to work up into science, so the northern whalers, though in quest of blubber, have done most important service in the work of polar exploration. Markham states that the discoverer of the true method of polar exploration was Sir Edward Parry, who in 1772 first resorted to sledge traveling over the ice pack, when ships were no longer available.

◆

SAVED BY A BONNET.—This is a story in Old and New: A man had sold himself to the devil, who was to possess him in a certain time unless he could propound a question to his Satanic Majesty which he could not answer, he being allowed to put three queries to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared. The first question the man asked was concerning theology, to which it caused the devil no trouble to reply. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended on the third. What should it be? He hesitated and turned pale, and the cold dew stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety, nervousness, and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture the man's wife appeared in the room with her bonnet on her head. Alarmed at her husband's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed she laughed and said, "I can propound a question which the devil himself cannot answer. Ask him which is the front of this bonnet." The devil gave it up and retired in disgust, and the man was free.

◆

THE Danbury (Conn.) *News* says: "A young lady in a neighboring town has taken up dentistry for a living. All the gentlemen patronize her. When she puts her arm around the neck of a patient and caresses his jaw for the offending member, the sensation is about as nice as they make 'em. One young man has become hopelessly infatuated with her. Consequently he hasn't a tooth in his head. She has pulled every blessed one of them; and made him two new sets and pulled them. She is now at work on his father's saw. He holds the saw.

◆

—A young lady of Indianapolis, whose sister's funeral occurred on Thursday last, excused herself from attending the obsequies by saying that her own wedding was to take place the same evening, and the funeral wouldn't leave her in good spirits for the pleasurable accompaniments of the latter occasion; besides, she had no time.

◆

SOME one says: "There is but one way to be happy, but there are a thousand ways